

THE
VENERABILE

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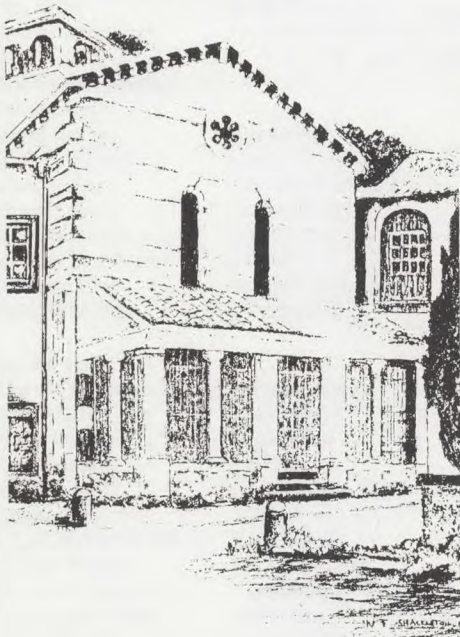
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THE VENERABLE 1992

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Editorial

“In a divided Christianity, instead of reading the Bible to assure ourselves that we are right, we would do better to read it to discover where we have not been listening.”

— Raymond E. Brown

“The responsibility of tolerance lies with those who have the wider vision.”

— George Eliot

Trying to write an editorial on a very heavy Roman evening in May, with the first exam of the summer session only five days away and not a single minute of revision yet complete, a man can be forgiven for following the traditional path taken by many of his predecessors — that of scanning the magazine text for a leitmotif that jumps out of the page to hit him a hard punch on the nose! So it was that this year's editor had his nose dented (to continue the pugilistic metaphor) even further by the Pauline theme of “diversity within unity”.

A glance at this year's articles, which pertain to such diverse spheres of interest as sport, bioethics, humour and history, to name but a few, once again gives a sure indication of the multifarious aptitudes which belong to the student body of the VEC, and lends further endorsement to Paul's theology in 1 Corinthians 12. But lest the reader be one who, like myself, nods dispassionately at this scriptural reference because of overfamiliarity with the text, let us quickly jolt ourselves with the reminder that Paul gives us in the following chapter: all gifts are subordinate to love. To love is our prime vocation in life.

In our Western scientific culture, where only visible and tangible reality is trusted, and where unbelief (either explicit atheism or an implicit atheism of apathy) has the upper hand, a divided Church is a counter-sign. So the corporate vitality of the Church is important. A Church which is united in its diversity by love is a Church whose proclamation is a clarion call. Instead one all too often hears a discordant note as the Church's proclamation of the Gospel is cramped by inaccurate perspectives which both the so-called “Left” and “Right”, “Progressive” and “Conservative” camps hold of one another and, therefore, of the Church herself. An unwitting coalition, indeed!

In the 30 years since the Second Vatican Council, the Church has gone through a period of trial and experimentation which has resulted, quite naturally, in some mistakes being made, but which has been overwhelmingly an epoch of growth and progress in the Church's life. In this post-conciliar period, all her members, whatever their respective positions on certain issues, must look to reconstruct the Church from within. This requires transcending one's own picture of ecclesial reality, which after all is only a partial understanding anyway, and learning to understand others who also claim to possess the full vision of the Church.

“Love never ends . . . Now we see only reflections in a mirror, mere riddles, but then we shall be seeing face to face.”

— 1 Cor 13:8,12

As an urgent response to Christ’s mandate to proclaim the good news in this decade of evangelisation, and out of love for those in our society today whom we are sent to serve, let us play our part wholeheartedly.

Paul Rowan

WALSINGHAM

ENGLAND’S NATIONAL SHRINE OF OUR LADY

“Where shall be had in memorial
The great joy of my Salutation,
First of my joys, ground and original
Root of mankind’s redemption,
When Gabriel gave me relation
To be Mother through humility
And God’s Son conceive in virginity.”
(15th century ballad of Walsingham)



The spiritual purpose of the Shrine at Walsingham is summed up in these words of the medieval ballad. It is to be a memorial of joy, that joy which Mary had when the angel Gabriel greeted her and announced that she was to conceive in her womb and bear a Son (Lk. 1:31).

Welcome



“Eeh! Totnes takes up where Chorley left off!”

Although the brothers who hail from the tribes north of the Watford Gap were very proud of the fact that the staff in recent years has consisted predominantly of priests from that fairer, friendlier end of the country, it is with great delight and warmth that the Student Body welcomes back to the College Mgr. Adrian T. Toffolo, who fills the gap left by the departure of our previous Rector, Mgr. John Kennedy.

Adrian studied here between 1962 and 1969 for the Diocese of Plymouth. Among his many erstwhile contributions to community life are listed the captaincy of the College Rugby team (in an epoch when Johnnie Marsland did not break ribs!) and the Deputy Senior Studentship.

Armed with PhL and STL, Adrian was ordained to the presbyterate on the 22nd September 1968 at the Church of the Holy Family, Plymouth, by Bishop Cyril Restieaux. His first appointment was as assistant priest in Penzance, Cornwall, which he left in 1972 to teach Dogmatic Theology at the august institution of St. Mary's, Oscott in Birmingham. After four years there he departed and launched himself assiduously into a very full and satisfying programme of work.

As well as being assistant at St. Marychurch, Torquay from 1976-1980, assistant at Holy Family, Plymouth from 1980-1984 and Parish Priest at St. Augustine's, St. Austell from 1984-1985, he was Diocesan Vocations Director for ten years (1976-1986) and Chaplain at Plymouth Polytechnic for four years (1980-1984). From 1985-1991 Adrian was Parish Priest at Our Lady of the Portal, Truro, a post which brought with it the delicate and most important job of Deanery Ecumenical Officer.

The considerable amount of media work that Adrian did during his years back home particularly on BBC Radio Cornwall, has made him a popular and respected figure both in the South-West and further afield.

On his return to this Venerable establishment as Rector and on his being made a Prelate of Honour by His Holiness Pope John Paul II in February 1992, we offer him our congratulations and our heartfelt prayers for the years ahead.

First Impressions

“Oh by the way” said the Bishop, after a conversation about some fairly trivial matter, “would you be willing to be appointed the next Rector of the English College?” Perhaps it is good to be approached in this way, so that one doesn't adopt an exalted view of the Rector's role — indeed the College seems to be able to survive despite the Rector! After I had been appointed, I thought I had better re-read Michael Williams' fascinating history of the College, only to be dismayed to find him

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referring to different periods of that history as “The Wiseman era”, “The Hinsley era” and so on. In these days of collaborative ministry, I needed to look for a different model of rectorship, and happily, on arriving in Rome for the beginning of the 1991-92 academic year, I found an excellent team spirit among the staff, and an atmosphere of co-operation from the student body. No need, then, to try to impose new ways, but simply to take one’s place in a smooth-running machine. For this I obviously owe great thanks to my colleagues on the staff, to the students, and to my predecessor, Mgr. John Kennedy.

My early weeks back in the College (I had left in 1969 and hadn’t even visited for over ten years) were a strange mixture of the familiar and the unfamiliar. I was immediately at home in the building almost as if I had never left it, although it was a little strange to be living in the Salone rather than Old St. Joe’s. But the faces — with the exception of Bryan Chestle and John Marsland — were all wrong. Yet the atmosphere in the community seemed not to have changed noticeably, and as I began to recognise the faces and get to know the people behind them, I discovered characters very similar to the ones I knew in the sixties.

The life of the College, too, as the weeks unfolded, hadn’t substantially changed. Thankfully there were free Thursdays every week so I could escape the polluted air of the city and find refuge in the mountains, but the usual round of liturgy and prayer, lectures and work, relaxation and recreation still provided the basic pattern of life. Reflecting on my first few months as Rector, then, I’d like to mention just three points.

Firstly, the appointment of a Rector from a predominantly pastoral background together with the arrival in College of a new Pastoral Director, Fr. John Marsland, has meant that there is to be a greater emphasis on the acquiring of pastoral experience and skills, and reflection on pastoral priorities and practice. I recognise this can put pressure onto a student’s already busy life, but the whole *raison d’être* of the College is to produce pastoral priests, and this development is an important one.

Secondly, the publication of Pope John Paul’s Exhortation “*Pastores Dabo Vobis*” provides us with a challenge for the years ahead. He speaks of priestly formation under four headings — human, spiritual, intellectual and pastoral — a division which we had already accepted. Under these headings we are now trying to devise a plan of self-assessment so that students can evaluate each year their progress towards the priesthood.

Thirdly, this year saw the visit in the autumn of the Diocesan Vocations’ Directors, and in the early spring of the English Bishops on their *Ad Limina* visits. This allowed diocesan groups to meet and to develop that sense of belonging to a local church which is so important. These were happy occasions, and perhaps summed up the overall mood of the House this year.

Fr. Rector

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(English College Rome)

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A Second Pentecost

On the day of Pentecost Peter spoke to the crowds in Jerusalem, and everyone was able to hear him in their own language. On the 15th August 1991 the successor of Peter, Pope John Paul II, spoke to 1.2 million young people at Chęstochowa and likewise they were all able to hear him in their own language. However, this time it was not due to a miraculous intervention of the Holy Spirit but rather to modern technology which enabled people to listen to a simultaneous translation of his sermon on their transistor radios. Yet there was a more serious parallel with the first Pentecost to which the Pope drew attention during his sermon. On that day the Disciples were gathered together in prayer with Mary, and here at Chęstochowa young people from all over the world were gathered in prayer at the Marian shrine of Jasna Góra together with the successors of the Apostles (there were about 300 bishops at the Mass including a handful of bishops from England). Also the first Pentecost was not just an experience for the Disciples and Mary, but led to the Gospel being proclaimed to Paul, and here at Chęstochowa the celebrations ended with twelve young people from every continent being given lighted candles to symbolise the task of taking the light of Christ to every part of the world.

However, I have jumped to the end of the story. What were all these young people doing in Chęstochowa, and what were the Pope and 300 bishops doing there? Well, they were all there to celebrate the Third World Meeting of Youth. What was it all about? In an attempt to answer this question I can offer my personal reflections on the whole experience.

For me the story begins at one breakfast during the February exam session last year when I happened to be sitting next to Mgr. Peter Coughlan. The conversation came round to this forthcoming event, I mentioned that I was planning to go to Poland during the summer, and one thing led to another, and I was roped in as a 'helper' for the duration of this event. At this point Peter wasn't able to give me a clear idea of what I would actually have to do, and this was still the case when I actually arrived in Poland on 29th July. The first week of my stay in Poland I spent visiting relatives, but on 7th August I said goodbye to my family and took the train from Warsaw to Chęstochowa.

On the train to Chęstochowa I sat in a compartment with two Polish families. As the journey progressed we ended up sharing our packed lunches and chatting. One of the people in the compartment, a seventeen year old called Marek, was telling me how he was planning to set off on foot for Chęstochowa from his home town the following day with a group from his parish. I mention this because the 15th of August has traditionally been the date on which pilgrims from all over Poland walk on foot to Chęstochowa, and indeed almost half the people at the Mass concluding the whole event had walked to Chęstochowa from other parts of Poland, some taking as long as fifteen days.

When I got off the train at Chęstochowa I was happy to see a reception point at the station with the Youth Event logo displayed. However, my joy soon turned to dismay when I found that my name was not on any list of 'helpers' or 'delegates', and

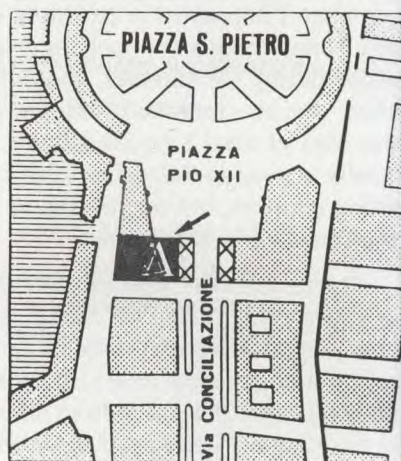
I spent a frustrating and worrying few hours until Peter Coughlan was able to explain who I was and why I was there.

The whole 'event' of Chęstochowa was divided into three stages, firstly, there was a 'Forum' at which 250 young people from 74 countries met together for three days to discuss and to pray about their experiences of 'freedom', then there followed three days of 'catechesis' in different languages, and then finally there were two big liturgies with the Pope on the 14th and 15th of August.

It was envisaged that the delegates to the Forum, together with the various observers and helpers would form a 'core group' which would stay together for the duration of the whole week. I was lucky enough to be a part of this group and I lived with the other members at a Polytechnic hall of residence. There were delegates from the various Episcopal Conferences of the world, including two representatives from England and Wales, Maggie from Bradford and Ben from Brighton. Completing the 'English' delegation were Reg Harrow who works for the Catholic Youth Service, Peter and Joe Coughlan and myself. For the duration of the Forum I had to help translate various documents into English, however I had time to sit in and listen to some of the discussion groups which were taking place. At the end of each day there was a plenary session at which the whole Forum group gathered. Various people stood up and talked about the situation of the Church in their own countries. I was particularly interested in listening to the young people from Poland. It seems to me (and this was also confirmed during the rest of my travels) that whereas the Church not only survived but became strong during the Communist era, it now needs to develop new strengths and resources, particularly in strengthening the faith and commitment of individuals, if it is to remain strong within a more secular

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environment. The Forum finished on the evening of the 10th of August with a Mass for the whole group at the shrine of Jasna Góra. Even by this stage many young people were already arriving for the forthcoming celebrations, and there was a lively and prayerful atmosphere in the town.

The mornings of the next three days were taken up with the catechetical meetings held in different churches in the town on the basis of the different languages represented. The English language meetings took place at the church of St. Anthony of Padova. The format consisted of a few hymns and prayers to 'warm people up', then there was a sermon preached by a bishop with an opportunity for young people to respond, and then the morning closed with the celebration of Mass. The English language church was in fact the most international of all the groups with representatives from all the continents of the world. It was during these three days that the various diocesan groups from England arrived. One of my favourite memories of this time is joining the combined Nottingham and Lancaster group for Mass one evening in the classroom where many of them were sleeping. After some of the big crowds and events which I had already experienced it was nice to be part of a smaller and more intimate celebration, and I found the experience very moving.

On the afternoon of the 13th I was walking through the town and I saw many walking groups processing in through the main street up to the shrine. I thought of Marek whom I had met on the train and I wondered if he was somewhere amongst them. On the evening of the 13th I went up to the shrine with some people from the Forum group. There were many people trying to get in and there were ushers moving people on and through, yet despite the crush and the queuing the place retained a prayerful atmosphere. Walking back through the streets was incredible, there were groups of young people gathered on every corner, singing, dancing and having a good time, and yet it struck me that they had chosen to come to Chęstochowa to experience this, and I was left wondering exactly why this was, and whether outside of the context of this World Youth Celebration such an experience would be possible.

The 14th and 15th were the two days for the meetings with the Pope. The Vigil on the night of the 14th was due to start at 7.30 p.m. However, we had to leave the Forum headquarters at 2.00 p.m. in order to get through the security procedures and get to our places. For me one of the most powerful experiences of my stay in Chęstochowa was walking with the Forum group from our accommodation to the shrine. We walked as a group, leaders, delegates, observers, and helpers together, with the delegates carrying their national flags. As we walked we saw lots of sleeping bags placed on bits of grass — this was obviously how many were going to spend the night. For the two Papal events I was assigned the task of helping Joe by carrying and passing cameras and lens as he required. At first Joe wanted to move around the crowd to get different crowd shots, but when he realised how much our movement was going to be restricted by the security arrangements he decided that it was best to stay in one place, which suited me down to the ground!

The Vigil lasted for about two and a half hours and was basically a celebration of Vespers with a few 'mini-sermons' from the Pope and some testimonies from young people. Three main symbols were used during the liturgy, a lighted candle, a Bible, and an icon of Our Lady of Chęstochowa. One moment which has remained in my mind is when a Sudanese girl, after finishing her testimony rushed forward to



Eddie showing solidarity with two sleepy girls



Joe Coughlan surrounded by blue T-shirts!

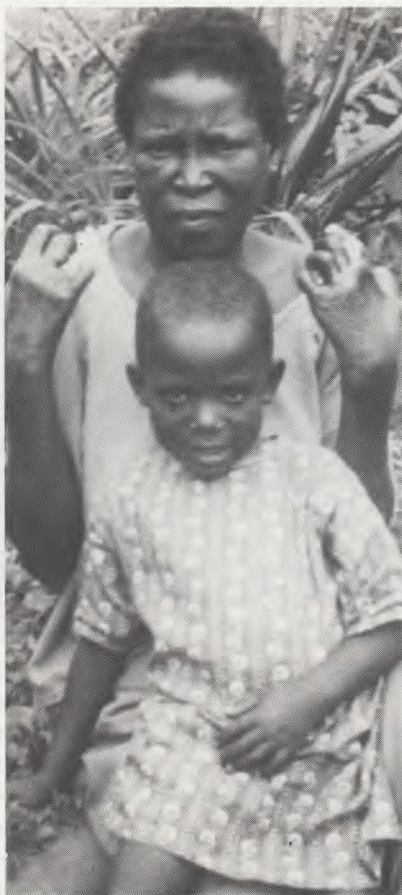
embrace the Pope. The security men rushed to restrain her but the Pope called her forward and the two were locked in an emotive embrace with the security men looking rather embarrassed. We left the shrine at 11.00 p.m. to return to our accommodation for a few hours sleep as we had to return to the shrine at 5.00 a.m. the next morning. However, we were luckier than most others who had to stay in their places throughout the night.

As we had left the shrine the previous evening the air was filled with the sound of young people singing, when we returned at dawn to take our places for the Mass there was an eerie silence as people were trying to grab whatever sleep was possible. However, as the sun rose and as the temperature warmed up a sense of excitement began to develop. I have already included my memories of the Mass at the beginning of this article, all that needs to be added here is that it was a fitting end to the whole event.

I left Chęstochowa later that afternoon to stay with some cousins in the south-east of Poland for three days before travelling to Warsaw in order to return to England. When I returned home I had a chance to reflect on the whole experience. For me certainly it had been a positive experience of the universality of the Church, of the Pope as a focus of unity within the Church, and perhaps most importantly of the faith and commitment of young Catholics all over the world. On my way out of Chęstochowa I spoke to some young Polish people who had just travelled for the two liturgies with the Pope and they had found them a source of deep spiritual renewal even though they were towards the back of the crowds. Likewise back in England I met some members of the Nottingham group, and they too were very positive about their whole trip to Poland although for many of them the experience of their own group activities and the English language catechesis was better than that of the Papal events which some found overwhelming because of the immensity of the crowds. Finally let us hope that those lighted candles will really be symbolic of a renewed effort of the young people present at Chęstochowa to share their faith with those with whom they live. Meanwhile Peter and Joe Coughlan tell me that preparations are already in hand for the next World Youth Meeting which will take place next year in Denver.

Eddy Jarosz

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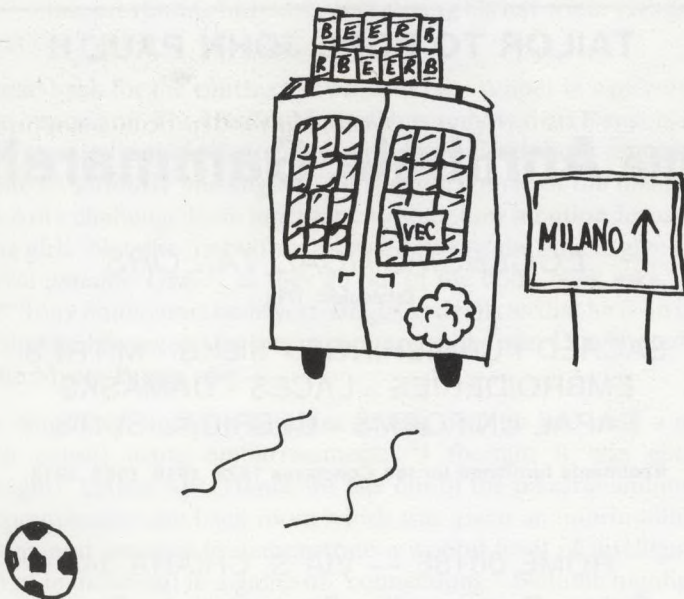
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The VEC FC Hits Milan or *Ignem Venerunt Mittere Mediolanium!*

Exam Gita February 1992

Wednesday 12th February:

- 0600: We celebrate Mass with most of the squad present, in body at least. One or two are struggling slightly from the effects of the night before.
- 0720: We eventually set off with nine in the Palazzola minibus and another five by car. The journey proves a pleasant one except for a small hiccup as regards the second rendezvous spot which, as it happens, is the lunch stop. For those in the Ducato it is of little concern as they are in possession of the cestino which the nuns have provided in inimitable fashion. Those involved in the respective camps are as follows: in the Ducato there are Tony G. (driver), Harry, Luiz, Andy H, Hugh Mc, Dave Mc, George, JP & Grogy; while in the Escort (i.e. those struggling for food and worrying about how much George would eat) there are, Ant (driver), John M (pilot), Doc, Paul R and Nick "Micky Mills" Tucker.



"Well, I think we've got everything we need . . ."

We eventually meet for lunch though the lads in the Ducato are in rather higher spirits thanks to the expertise of their cafe/whisky supremo — George.

1700: We arrive at Sir James Henderson International School to meet “Our Man in Milan”, Lee, who had done the business as regards accommodation, making a mockery of all those prophets of doom: “Milan isn’t happening, there’ll be nowhere to stay.” —Thomson ten days previously!

The team accommodation is of a similar mode to the transport — split-site: Captain JP, Andy Essex, Doc and H are staying with Lee and P.W. Botha; Dave and Cocker are with two of the School staff near an attractive bar(maid); the Salford duet of John and Tony with another couple from the School; Ant and George are allotted to a couple with interesting and contrasting characters (appropriate ???!); this leaves Luiz, Hugh, Grogy and Nicky Mills to land on their feet with the Deputy Consul of Milan, Ralph Griffiths, who is quickly christened Col. Bagshot for some mysterious reason. Luiz was spotted sneaking to confession next day, feeling guilty that it was so plush!

2000: We relax and enjoy a pizza with some of our hosts. Lee takes great pleasure in asking for “*19 birre medie, per favore*” and the tour is well and truly off and running.

Thursday 13th February:

We awake to find that Monsignor Chestle’s forecasts of doom actually ring true — Milan by daylight is ugly, foggy and very wet — Birmingham on a bad day!

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- 1100: We meet at the Duomo and celebrate Mass in the beautiful Crypt-Chapel. Tony gives a fitting and emotional reminder of our predecessors' visits to this very spot on their journey home to martyrdom.
- 1200: We lunch at a self-service Italian restaurant. Luiz responds to a challenge from Ant to engage a neighbouring table in conversation about religion — the fact that it was entirely young and female must surely have been coincidental. A few of the team wander off in the pouring rain, soaking up the sights on the recommendation of one of the young ladies: "Well, there's the Duomo, the castle, and . . . ehm . . . oh yes, there's a shop!"
- 1500: We reunite at the School for the real business of the trip — the first match against the staff and students of Sir James Henderson School. We wonder if they'll be willing to play in such awful conditions but Doc comments that these are English not Italians and sure enough, the two of their squad who don't show up are of Mediterranean origin. JP makes his first controversial decision of the tour and puts Doc at centre-back.
- 1615: The game kicks off on a pitch which makes the Baseball Ground of the 70's look like Wembley. "Even JP can't avoid dirtying his shorts today", quipped Ant beforehand, and try as he might to preserve those treasured Celtic shorts, JP gets dirty like the rest of us. Is he mortal after all?! The match is great fun; we overwhelm the opposition and run out 7-0 winners. Their centre-forward gives us good reason not to let him score by sporting a Rangers shirt and although he rattled a post "the Hun couldn't get past me!" says Cocker with glee. JP makes his second controversial decision by subbing Grogy at half-time — thus preventing him from completing his hat-trick. "It's good for your formation, Paul!"
- 1830: We head back for the centre of town, and take supper in a pizzeria with a few of the opposition. The Hun had fortunately removed his Rangers shirt making it just about allowable to speak to him and indeed, he is remarkably affable for one so seriously mis-aligned. During the course of the meal, Luiz throws back Ant's challenge from lunchtime to somehow mention Jesus to a group of young girls. Not one for half-measures, Ant gets the girls to give Luiz a chorus of "*Noi amiamo Gesù!*" as they go out of the door. Nick asks, "Wots all dis den?" Tony holds court on Myers-Briggs and tells us that he is an introvert and also that he has several factors in common with Luiz. Doc immediately writes off the Myers-Briggs test!
- 2115: "The Bagshots" and Ant consider getting back to bed until a glance at the watch causes acute embarrassment: "I thought it was getting on for midnight!" claims Ant. Hence we pile out of the pizzeria and into a birreria. We commandeer the back room which was given an unprintable description by Tony and proceed to demonstrate a woeful level of intelligence (or high level of inebriation) in a game of "connections." Notable highlights include:
- Hugh's rendition of Abba's "Summer Night City"; George's rewriting of the Mysteries of the Roasry; Nick's claim to be an authority on the Kings of the 15th century;

But the prize for the worst performer of the evening must go to Essex Man Headon himself. Andy unfailingly failed every time it came to his turn, even on what one would expect to be his forte — Tory leaders and Rugby teams! We depart to our various abodes but even here Andy continues to “pour forth” in a not uneventful Metro journey (just one beer too many for the Essex Man)!

Friday 14th February:

JP comments that it is much nicer today: “No honest, I can see the flats opposite!” A few of the culture-vultures spend the morning trekking around. Even Dave and Cocker claim that they were out of their pits and visiting arty places.

1200: We meet at the Duomo. Nicky Mills is obviously asking someone “*Dov'è questo Duomo, allora?*” but he eventually arrives from Bagshot's. Meanwhile, Dave stomps around the Piazza to which someone comments that he looks like a man surveying his allotment worried about his sprouts. Henceforth thou shalt be called “Allotment Man”, and so it came to be.

1245: We lunch in the same place as yesterday — English to the end, sticking with what we know.

To kill time in the afternoon, most of us congregate on the roof of the Duomo which is spectacular. Several of the team decide to take a siesta up there in the sun until a Padre Pio look-alike comes along to sort them out. A few want to pop down and see Charles Borromeo but Doc disputes this move because “there are a lot of much better-looking bodies up here!”

1600: At the Parish Church, Tony comes out with a classic comment about the smell around the place but I'm afraid that once more it is unprintable.

We celebrate Mass in the Parish and then Ant shows signs of a mis-spent youth playing table-football in the bar next door.

The Parish Priest leads us to where we are playing: “Flippin heck!” says H when a huge stadium appears in front of us. Fortunately we are playing on an adjacent training pitch but it is still a tremendous, floodlit setting. John tells us he has just been chatting with their club president and their trainer — we are frightened! However, their trainer pops in to our dressing room and tells us that “It's Valentine's Day and most of my boys are rather tired!” (A rough translation).

1945: We kick off and in traditional style, hit them early. We are 2-0 up inside 10 minutes: Doc floats a free-kick over the defence, Allotment Man somehow keeps the ball in play and hooks it back across the face of goal for Grogy to score; then JP goes on a masterful run and slots in the second — a superb goal until he later admitted it was a pass! It is now that Cocker really proves his worth with a string of fine saves. One in particular is perhaps the finest ever seen in an English College jersey. The stuffing is knocked out of the opposition and we control the 2nd half. Ant caps a great team performance with a gem of a goal although he also admits later that Grogy's role of Moses parting the Red Sea with a decoy run made it for him.

2130: Cinisello Balsamo looks rather unlikely to be able to host our evening celebrations so we head back for the centre of Milan. Someone in the bus christens our victory “The St. Valentine’s Day Massacre”. Harry is forced to admit that one of their team came up after the game and patted his stomach saying, “How did you play with all that?” The temptation to reply “Better than you!” was just resisted, says H.

Saturday 15th February:

We assemble at the School at eleven. Andy rescues the green kit which Lee had washed and left to dry in the staff room — “That man should be a priest” rings out, not for the first time.

1115: We set out for Lecco, a town on the shore of Lake Como, at the foot of the Dolomites. The idea of a match today is still being mooted; Big John wishes he had a car-phone then there would be no problem. “Plan A” is a pleasant look around Lecco, then a match against someone, either there or back in Milan. “Plan B” is to have a slug-gita in Lecco and watch France v England at rugby. John can’t find his contact so “Plan B” comes into operation.

1300: A D.B.L. is taken in a vineria; Allotment Man buys 2 bottles of “Rosso Pazzo”. He has no idea what it is but it has interesting packaging and looks disgusting so it satisfies his criteria. In fact, we spend so much money there, that they present Tony (who’s from Manchester, you know) with a bottle of liqueur. Harry falls in love with the barmaid. Andy Essex nips next door to book a table for 14. In the meantime we ask the bar owners if it is good value and they tell us that they know somewhere much better. Nicky Mills is sent to retrieve Andy but he returns to say: “If we’re not going in der den, why’s Andy sat at a table for 14 den?” It is left for John to coolly walk round and say, “We’re going somewhere else.” Grogy asks John Marsland for some pastoral advice on exactly how to cope with this situation.

So, we are led by H’s lass and some other bloke through the streets of Lecco to a “trat” on the waterfront. This is “Plan B” in all its glory — a T.V. in the corner — “The boy’s done brilliant!” The meal is an absolute belter with a job-lot of 3 pastas followed by the meat trolley, and we’re talking meat trolley! We are joined by Steve Marsland, John’s brother, who lives not too far away in Sondrio.

1515: Chairs turn to the corner of the room and we cheer England to victory and two Frenchies to an early bath!

1730: We finish a great day in Lecco in fitting style by celebrating Mass in S. Nicola. We have a mass-gibber over whether today is Saturday or Sunday; Doc sways it with “There’s no way I’m going to Mass again tomorrow, I can tell you that now!” The final hymn, Jerusalem, is sung with feeling and gusto.

Ant’s spirits are somewhat dampened while listening to the English football results on the radio in the car-park; Yes, I think Arsenal 7 – 1 Sheffield Wednesday constitutes a hammering!

1830: We depart for Milan to attend a reception put on for us by Ralph Griffiths and the warning is put out not to call him Col. Bagshot to his face!

1945: The spread is absolutely magnificent. Ralph has asked round some of his friends from the English-speaking Church in Milan and, much to our delight, they are virtually all young and female. In between worrying about etiquette and our slobbish attire, we hob-nob to our heart's content. Doc asks a young lady about life in the Antipodes; "Actually, I'm from Canada." I think he got away with it. Paul Rowan is the second person today to fall in love. Ralph gives a speech inviting us again next year when he would fix up everything for us. John steps into the breach for a terrified captain to make a reply of thanks. At the end of the evening, Andy Essex gives the definitive judgement: "Talk about danger from low-flying chicks, that was more like the Battle of Britain!"

And so drew our final day in Milan to a close.

Sunday 16th February:

0930: We meet to load the van and depart. Unfortunately John's guitar appears to have gone walkabout as well as JP and H's kit. But despite this, we leave Milan bubbling and already reminiscing. The journey home is sedate and peaceful except for a raiding mission from the Escort on H's Bay City Rollers' scarf. Cocker saves it from being dumped at the toll station, perhaps his second best save of the tour. We know we are nearing Rome when Hugh starts talking theology and JP is spotted reading the life of Ignatius Loyola.



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As we come to the end of this adventure, a comment by Hugh that we learnt a lot about ourselves and each other prompts me to ask: What have we learnt about each individual during this tour?

Paul Rowan: He only talks to *beautiful* girls at parties;

Mark Harold: He's an unsociable sleeper;

Luiz Ruscillo: He *can* actually play a game without committing a foul;

John Marsland: Somebody doesn't like his Burnley songs;

David McCormack: His sprouts are a cause for concern;

Andrew Doherty: His midfield days are over;

Paul Leonard: He puts the emphasis on controversial decisions, not on speech-making;

Andrew Headon: He's quick, but not quick enough when it comes to getting on and off the Metro;

Anthony Towey: He likes talking about Jesus but only to pretty girls;

Paul Grogan: He's a terrible referee;

Hugh McKenzie: He *can* go 5 days without mentioning Karl Rahner;

Nicholas Tucker: He knows very little;

George Gorecki: He's an innovator of fashion;

Anthony Grimshaw: He's from Manchester; he also is an A-Z guide of 4-star loos in Italy.

And what have we learnt about the squad as a whole? — We get on famously!

1830: We arrive back in the College cortile to the sounding of horns and look forward to reassembling in Anna's this evening to give a final toast to a magnificent trip!

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“A Service for Motherkind”

To complete our seminar at the Alfonsiana on genetics and bioethics we had the great privilege and opportunity of visiting the *Institute of Human Genetics* at the Gemelli Hospital here in Rome. We were able to make the visit at the invitation of Professor Angelo Serra S.J. who has been involved in the work of genetic research, diagnosis and counselling since the clinic's opening some forty years ago.

The afternoon began with Professor Serra giving a lecture, using slides, on the basics of genetic research, engineering and diagnosis. He seemed to cover a vast range of material in this talk — which initially I had thought would be a simple introduction but ended up as a sort of “mini-course”. The man himself made such a strong impression on me that I could quite easily devote this whole article to simply talking about Angelo Serra. I will come back to this impression at the end.

The talk having been completed, we then moved on to a grand tour of the laboratories which were by now deserted except for the Professor's trusted assistant who had been with him for many years. This, for me, was indeed a very interesting experience — much more so than I had anticipated before the afternoon began. To actually see the equipment, microscopes and various “tools of the trade” really brought the whole subject of genetic diagnosis and counselling alive. What I had thought would be a visit maybe lasting an hour or two now began to stretch in to three and then four hours *but* by this point one felt so caught-up in this small, specialised but fascinating world that time no longer mattered. There was in fact a feeling of slight disappointment when eventually it was time to leave the clinic — the rumbling of stomachs signalling the need for sustenance as we broke the nine o'clock mark.

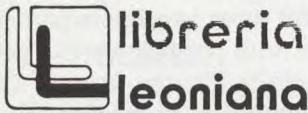
Reading or even talking about genetics and the various ethical problems of medical science, though interesting academically, had not really brought the subject alive. Instead it seemed so detached from day-to-day life and my own small world that it left rather a cold, emotionless feeling. The great value, for me, of this visit to the clinic was in animating the subject and bringing it truly down to earth. To see slides of cells being currently diagnosed and knowing that these cells belonged to a *real person* is vastly different from reading in a book about such diagnosis. The area that really interests me most of all is that of the counselling that accompanied the diagnostic process. There exists it seems such a profound *need* for professionally efficient but, above all, compassionate counselling for those (women in particular) who carry the incredible burden of bearing children with possibly terrible genetic defects. To know that the Catholic Church has facilities like the Gemelli Clinic, under the care of the likes of Angelo Serra, is comforting knowledge. The big message that comes across is that in today's world, at least in the world of medicine and science, the “state of the art” is found in the field of genetics with all the incredible potentialities for positive as well as negative advances. It is so essential that the Church has its “foot in the door”, so to speak, and is able to speak with professional or scientific competency.

As I said earlier Angelo Serra himself made quite a profound impression on me. Why was this? I think the reason was that he seemed to manage to combine, when

talking about this field of study, a very clear professional competence as a scientist with a deep sense of compassion and care for the dignity of people. It's not to say that other "secular" geneticists would not also have such a concern but *maybe* it would be true to say that he, and others like him guided by Christian values, are able to integrate this concern in a very concrete way into their work as geneticists. His own enthusiasm was quite contagious so much so that even the most *un*-scientific mind such as my own couldn't help but be caught-up in the importance of the world of genetics. There was one statistic he quoted which forced home just how valuable their work in the clinic, and other similar institutes, is. Last year some 2050 women came for diagnosis because they fell within certain groups at risk of conceiving a child with a genetically linked defect. Of these women 1999 of them (98%) bore perfectly healthy children while the other 2% sadly had defective foetuses. Some of this latter group chose to keep the children while some chose therapeutic abortions *but* the fact is, according to Serra, that nearly *all* of them were likely to have been advised in many secular institutes or clinics to have an abortion simply because of the risk factor. The fact that some chose abortion as the only option they felt able to face was to be respected as their choice, freely made. What is important is that they be given a diagnosis and counselling service which both respects their dignity and right to make their own life-choices while *at the same time* providing counselling which is holistic, giving a deeper sense to the question of the value of human life and dignity and of the broader options and support systems available for those who choose to keep a child with a handicap or genetic defect.

It is such a difficult and emotive area and in many ways leaves me feeling quite deep confusion and conflicts. For a woman or couple to choose to have a child afflicted with a terrible illness or handicap must take the most phenomenal act of courage and trust. This I suppose is really where the work of people like Angelo Serra comes to the fore: in helping to provide the backdrop against which couples *can* make such an act of courageous trust in the God who loves them and cares deeply for them.

Kevin Dring



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Transcontinental Communication at the VEC or “How did United get on?”

The result of a midweek bottom-of-the-table clash in the Third Division of the English Football League between Swansea City and Torquay United may seem of marginal significance to the process of priestly formation at the Venerable English College, but this fixture assumes an historical importance in so far as it was the first result conveyed to the residents of Via di Monserrato, 45, by the BBC Ceefax, a facility that came packaged with the satellite service recently installed at the College, thanks to the generosity of the Friends. Teething troubles have prevented the serious football fans at the College from using it fully as the season came to a close. Despite its all-night vigil for Election Special, we still await its consistent operation.

Manchester Utd.'s glorious failure to capture the First Division Championship for a 25th successive year highlighted for the College the difficulties and frustrations of keeping in touch with domestic events. Many a frantic phone call to Liverpool families that Sunday in April confirmed that several College members from different ends of the East Lancs Road would display polarised emotions for weeks to come, as those from the other side of the Pennines basked in unlikely glory. United as we are in our nationality, the College nevertheless boasts a wide range of allegiance to football clubs from all over England. As well as die-hard supporters of the big name clubs, the lesser names of Burnley, Blackpool, Middlesbrough, Walsall, Runcorn United, Torquay United, Bristol City, and, dare it be said, Sheffield Wednesday, all have their advocates among the alumni more used to glum faces on Saturday evenings.

The usual source of information, apart from the novelty of Ceefax, is still the BBC World Service, recently much praised by both President Gorbachev and Terry Waite, and no less significantly by Villi Danca, our resident Rumanian priest, who, oblivious to the revolution in his Bucharest presbytery, was able to join the celebrating masses during the revolution by tuning in to Auntie Beeb while the government-controlled media was being assiduously silent. At the start of this year, we were fortunate enough to discover an Italian station rebroadcasting World Service on FM, ensuring perfect clarity of reception. Apparently this was because the aforesaid station couldn't afford to make its own programmes. Since Christmas, however, the station has gone out of business completely, consigning us again to twiddling our short-wave radios and cursing the weather and periodic interference from stray Italian twitterings.

As the English newspapers don't arrive until the middle of the afternoon here, anything of major significance apart from home news has usually been announced on the College grape-vine. (Although the histrionics of the Italian Press in matters of national importance, political as well as sporting, tend often to cloud the issues until *The Independent* and the *Daily Telegraph*, which was recently installed into the students' sitting-room on an overwhelming majority at the expense of *The Times*, arrive to put a sedate perspective on events.)

Despite the age of mass-communication, it is still infuriatingly difficult to obtain up-to-the-minute coverage of news and sport in English here, although the Ceefax should, when fully operative, prove a real boon. With GMT two hours behind Italian time, a sports desk on World Service at 12.45 a.m. local time is not conducive to an early rise for Morning Prayer. By the way, in case you're wondering, Swansea and Torquay drew 2-2!

Joe Jordan

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The English College Liturgy

First published in: Southwark Liturgy Bulletin No. 76 (July 1991)

The liturgical life of the Venerable English College is both vibrant and varied, though, as elsewhere, not without its controversial aspects.

The liturgy occupies a central position in enabling a student to conform himself to Christ. Three forms of communal prayer are fundamental to this: the eucharist, the divine office and reconciliation, and these form the basis of the reflection below.

1 – The Eucharist

The College draws its very life from our communal liturgical celebrations. The Sunday eucharist is the high point of our liturgical week and is celebrated with great solemnity. The many English-speaking visitors and residents in the city provide a parish atmosphere. This is seen particularly in the First Holy Communion programme which takes place every year in the College. This involves children in several of the Sunday eucharists and culminates in their reception of First Holy Communion in May. Confirmation is also celebrated each year in the College Church at Pentecost, and students are similarly involved in preparation for this.

The great solemnity of the Sunday eucharist in no way diminishes the spirit of prayer or of joyful thanksgiving which our gathering demands. This spirit of prayer and joy is not only manifested in the prayers and pace of the liturgy, but also in the music which ranges from the calming and prayerful tones of plainchant and the exuberant harmonies of polyphony to the joyful melodies of folk.

These varied styles not only cater for different personal tastes but they provide a broader experience of the types of celebration on which our spirituality grows and develops.

As well as the Sunday Mass, the College has two other main community eucharists during the week. At 7 o'clock on Saturday morning the community gathers to celebrate. The early hour provides a peaceful and prayerful atmosphere. Understandably, the music takes on a different character at this Mass; at this time of day it must be easy to sing. The Word is broken for us by means of a short homily which provides the focus for the whole day.

On Wednesday evening the third community Mass takes place. The atmosphere is different again from both the other celebrations. At this hour, the Mass gathers not only the students, but also all the pressures and anxieties of the day, so that these, too, are brought to the Lord in the eucharist.

On the other days of the week there is a choice of Masses. These are celebrated more simply, with considerably less music and formality. A Latin Mass is also celebrated in the College once a month.

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The school is situated over 200 metres up on the edge of the Mendips. It has its own beautiful new chapel opened in 1988 to celebrate the Golden Jubilee.

There is a school choir, class singing is an integral part of the curriculum, and there are opportunities to learn a variety of musical instruments.

The extensive grounds include an athletics track, swimming pool, tennis courts as well as hockey and rugby pitches. There is a modern gymnasium and an all-weather surface for netball, basketball and hockey. Art, ballet and needlework are all taught in the school. Carpentry, judo and riding are also available.

Pupils are prepared for the public schools, to which many scholarships and exhibitions have been obtained.

The Headmaster and Mrs. Ketterer are always delighted to meet parents to show them the school and to discuss the educational future of their children.

Thus, a variety of distinctive styles of eucharistic liturgy find expression here, and clearly these introduce students to different possibilities for imaginative and varied liturgical celebration. This is an important part of their formation for priesthood as those who will be largely responsible for organising liturgy in parishes.

However, it may be objected that this very breadth and variety, this wealth of talent and pool of musical resources is seldom if ever found in the parish and, therefore, does not reflect, nor prepare the student for pastoral reality. In the parish the opportunity for gathering the people for rehearsals and “run-throughs” will not usually exist, nor will it be possible to focus all one’s liturgical energies into a single Sunday eucharist. Here resources will be more scarce, time more limited and the priest’s energy spread over two or three celebrations.

While all this is true, it may be countered that a broad liturgical experience in seminary, far from hampering the future priest in the more restricted situation of the parish, actually enables him to adapt to it more readily and imaginatively and to make more creative use of the available resources than would otherwise be possible.

Another observation regarding the celebration of the eucharist in the College is that, notwithstanding the variety of styles, the way the liturgy is served *within* each celebration is somewhat less varied, following an unbending pattern. It might be noted here that while uncontrolled experimentation would obviously be counter-productive and divisive in a community such as ours, more use of the variety and scope the Church makes available within the structure of the eucharistic celebration would be welcome. This is not only necessary, but is a duty we owe to those whom God calls us to serve, and it could be achieved through discussion and study groups on the liturgical documents and through liturgy planning groups. Such groups are now well-established in many seminaries and parishes and could be introduced here. Ignorance of the possibilities in liturgy can diminish the liturgical and spiritual life of the worshipping community.

2 – The Divine Office

Apart from Tuesday and Sunday morning, Lauds (Morning Prayer) is celebrated in common every day. It is the first act of the day and all students are required to be present. Vespers (Evening Prayer) is also a communal celebration and takes place every evening before supper apart from Wednesdays (Thursday is the *dies non* and the programme is free).

Again, the celebration of the Office in the College is both an act of worship in the here and now and an instrument in our formation as future priests. Both these aspects have to be kept in view. A further problem with the celebration of the Office is that it easily becomes routine. Once again, an exploration of the possibilities for variety could help here.

Many parishes now celebrate parts of the Divine Office. It is interesting to note, however, that it is seldom celebrated on its own. It is usually followed by Mass or by eucharistic or Marian devotions. This raises the question: is the Office celebrated for its own merits or does the chief concern lie in the celebration which follows? This is an important question insofar as the Divine Office as celebrated today derives from the monastic Office. While this might be right for our seminary community, it may

not fit naturally into the worship of a parish. Since we are called to serve in parishes we need to be aware of how we might adapt or better celebrate the Office in the parish context. Such an awareness must arise within the framework of our priestly formation when we celebrate the Office together in seminary.

For instance, to enhance our celebration of the Office, might it not be possible sometimes to focus on a theme found in the psalms set for the day around which to concentrate our thoughts and prayer? Often the texts of the Office suggest a possible intention such as world peace; for those suffering injustice; for youth; or for any other important human concern. In choosing a theme before we begin, we are directing our prayer and reflecting the preoccupations of the Church outside the seminary walls; we are more faithfully celebrating the Prayer of the Church for the world.

Here, as before when reflecting on the eucharist, the recitation of the Office could be enriched by greater knowledge of its potential for adaptation leading to more imaginative celebration. For example, here we could make more use of the option to sing one of the psalms or canticles during the week, remembering that the psalms are actually sacred songs primarily written for singing. Occasionally the cantor could sing or even recite one of the psalms in particular, if the psalm is written in the first person singular. Listening to a psalm often helps us better to focus our prayer and avoids a quickly recited bombardment of words.

The pace of the celebration could be much slower giving time for reflection between psalms and particularly after the scripture reading. There are, in fact, many ways of celebrating the Office without radically changing its structure or content.

One of our major problems here is time, particularly in the mornings. The Roman Universities begin early and students have to be prayed, eaten and set out for the lectures by 8 o'clock. This places a restriction on our celebration of Morning Prayer in particular.

This problem of time does not affect the sung Sunday Vespers which is celebrated in the College with great solemnity. It is one of the high points of the week and shows the celebration of the Office at its best.

3 – Reconciliation

The sacrament of Reconciliation is celebrated both individually and communally in the College. Communal celebrations are particularly linked to the seasons of Advent and Lent. Here, these penance services always show innovation and imagination. Around the basic format (consisting of a period of reflection and preparation, individual confession, conclusion and blessing) the message and challenge of conversion is always presented in a fresh way.

In addition to these fundamental aspects of College liturgical life, there are also various devotions. "Visit" to the Blessed Sacrament and Night Prayers are part of the normal programme and take place after supper. Exposition and Benediction are celebrated every Sunday and attendance is voluntary. The Rosary is recited in common, on a voluntary basis, every night.

John McLoughlin

Hearing the Deaf

July 1990, the Diaconate Ordinations over and return to England about to commence, one could be forgiven for believing that everyone on the coach to the airport was filled with the customary 'joy' that the end of the year usually brings with it. Yet for several people on the bus the air was tinged with a strong feeling of apprehension. There were some who were returning like so many before them to begin their priestly ministry at the end of their training, and there were two other students who were returning to begin a temporary phase in their formation journey. They were setting out to commence a year of pastoral training — "in the field". Tony Milner was going to a parish in his home diocese (A & B) whilst I was off to *St. John's Catholic School for Children with Impaired Hearing*. What the year ahead held neither of us were really sure, but though we were apprehensive, the sense of adventure was also very much present.

St. John's is in Boston Spa, a picturesque little village near Wetherby in North Yorkshire. After a few weeks to wind down I arrived at the school in September for the beginning of the year, a year which was to prove to be of great value. Yet the day I turned up at the school a real sense of dread was all I could seem to muster. Well, after all, I had been in the Seminary System for nine years and this was to be my first taste of the 'working' world. The school year began with two staff training days and by the end of the first session of the first day I was already feeling even more daunted than when I had arrived two hours earlier. The teachers and the residential care staff were all together for this first session and I can honestly say that I didn't understand anything that was going on around me . . . confusion reigned!

Looking back I suppose I felt somewhat like a new first year student on his arrival at the English College, all the old students carrying on their conversations all around and the first year not having a clue what they are talking about. Thankfully for me on that September morning for the second session the staff were split up into the two educating departments which made up the school: teachers and care staff. This meant the group I was now with was considerably smaller, and it was easier to get to know the others with whom I would be working. I was joining the residential care staff, that is the staff who are responsible for the children once outside the classroom.

After this meeting we were addressed by Sr. Teresa, the Head of Care. I was handed over to Sr. Ruth who was head of the boys' group where I would be working for the next year. Sr. Ruth was wonderful; she was from Bradford and had that rather typical Yorkshire trait of getting straight to the point. I think that it was this very direct approach that enabled me, a fellow Yorkshire person, to settle in so very easily at St. John's. After another short group meeting, during which I was able to meet the people who I would be working with directly, things began to hot up. The boys would be arriving back in two days and there was lots to be done before the department was ready for them.

Well, the lads arrived and what a crew they were! I was to be working with a mixed group of ten boys (aged between ten and fourteen) and they really made me

work in those early days. They were much more aware of what I had to do than I was and frequently led me up the garden path in those early weeks, but as time went on I began, with the help of Sr. Ruth and the other staff with whom I had direct contact (Angela, Shaun and Judith), to get the hang of my job and, after several weeks of finding it very difficult, I began to enjoy the work — and the lads — very much.

Christmas came and with it the usual festivities — Christmas parties, concerts and carol singing, we even took some of the kids to Leeds Central Train Station to sing carols and to raise money for charity. Then the school holidays began and off the children went to have Christmas with their families. Although all the children went home every fortnight, and many went home weekly, the start of any holiday was a great day for them. The excitement of the holidays always gripped the school for most of the previous week which could make the day even more tiring for the staff. I think Christmas was the most exciting holiday of the year because it wasn't only the holiday but also, of course, the presents that would be received. The other wonderful thing about that first day of the holiday was that the staff had them as well — a very well deserved break!

After Christmas there a few changes to the staff, and the boys' groups were rearranged, so I ended up with the younger group, aged nine to thirteen, and I was to be working with a new lady. This term was to be the most enjoyable one of the year at St. John's. Pauline and I got on very well and we soon established a routine and a rapport both with each other and, more importantly, with our group of lads. They were the nicest group of children I had ever met and their good manners and sense of humour were a joy to experience. That doesn't mean that they were angels by any means, but they were great lads. For most of this group their main passion was



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football, either in the gym or preferably outside, from where they would return absolutely filthy and exhausted, but (almost) always happy.

Easter came and went, and with it went Pauline who had found another more suitable job, so the staff changed again. Anyone who has ever worked with people with impaired hearing will know that children often find changes very difficult, and so for a few weeks the group had a hard time. However, this didn't last too long and, with the arrival of spring, spirits began to lift. It is always amazing how the longer evenings bring a spring to the step. They now consisted of trips into Leeds to the big park there, or walks down to the village which had a lovely river and was great for playing hide and seek and such like. It was wonderful to be able to join in the fun and games whilst getting paid for it!

With the school year fast approaching its end, I was beginning to reflect on the year that I had spent at St. John's and also to look towards the return to Rome. What had started fifteen months ago had gone very quickly and had, from my own point of view, gone very well. The reflections that I now share are only some of the thoughts and experiences I had whilst at St. John's.

When I first went to St. John's I suppose I made the usual mistake of thinking that I was going there to help the children with their handicap, and to show them how to cope with the harsh outside world. I firmly believed that I could teach the kids what they needed to know: I was going to help the needy. What actually happened was quite the reverse. I was the one who learned what it was to cope with my own limitations and my handicaps, what it was to live with the things God had given me. The kids at St. John's worked hard to be what they were, they worked hard to accept the lot God had given them, and to accept the difficulties that they face through their lack of hearing. The staff worked hard to enable them to enter into the world which shuns people with physical handicaps as abnormal, a world which stares at the beautiful simplicity of God's creation in all its forms. In the words of St. Mark's Gospel '*He even makes the deaf to hear and the mute to speak*' (Mk 7:37). I now ask myself, 'who are the deaf and who are the mute?' Hearing is about understanding the ways of God, and the kids of St. John's helped me to rediscover the path to understanding. I know I will always be indebted to everyone at St. John's, both staff and students.

At this point (May 1992) my time at St. John's is still very much a part of my reflection and the experiences I had while I was there are bearing much fruit. I firmly believe that that fruit will still be being discovered in my life and in my future priesthood for many more years.

James Creegan

St. John's is the only Catholic School for children with impaired hearing in England to use the "Maternal Reflective Method" of teaching which encourages the children to make full use of their residual hearing, and to learn to communicate through the spoken word rather than through sign language. It is run by the Diocese of Leeds with the invaluable help of the Daughters of Charity of St. Vincent de Paul, who give it the wonderful character and atmosphere of homeliness. It is a grant maintained school and is a registered charity.

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The Twelf Poyntes: Versioni di un Trattato Brigidino (Rev. II, 16) Nel Quattrocento Inglese

Everyone who knows the Venerable English College knows the Brigettine Convent next door, and their church round the corner in the Piazza Farnese. These days, for most English visitors, it is the high quality of the Sisters' hospitality which is best known since the accommodation offered in the convent is quite as good as that in most Four Star Hotels. However, in this the 601st anniversary year of Bridget's Canonisation it seems appropriate that something of the spirituality and teaching of the Foundress, St. Bridget of Sweden, should be better known by the English. By the English particularly, since selections from her writings were amongst the most popular passages translated from Latin into the Middle English of the Fifteenth Century, and so the Religious 'Best Sellers' of their day.

My own qualification for this task has come about through a series of accidents. The first is my friendship with Dr. Margaret Connolly of St. Andrew's University, not totally unknown herself to everyone at the Venerable English College, having partnered William Massey, during their time as undergraduates together, at a number of balls. Dr. Connolly is an Honorary Lecturer in the English Department, specialising in Middle English Religious texts. Not long after I returned from my six months in Rome as the Anglican Exchange Student for 1989/90, she asked me to translate an article written by Dottore Domenico Pezzini entitled:

The Twelf Poyntes: Versioni di un Trattato Brigidino (Rev. II, 16) Nel Quattrocento Inglese

When I first went to Chorley to learn Italian it had never occurred to me that I should be called upon to translate into English an Italian learned article on the subject of Medieval English translations of a Latin text. The project was rendered even more surprising and, dare I say it, coincidental, when I realised that the text in question was Chapter 16, Book II of St. Bridget's 'Revelations'. I knew that the Brigettines lived next door; indeed friends had stayed there. But the only fact about Bridget's 'Revelations' which I had acquired whilst in Rome came from Prof. Heinrich Pfeiffer's masterly lectures on 'Teologica Monumentale di Roma' at the Greg. These were a Cook's Tour of the principal Roman religious works of art and their significance. From him I learnt that it was due to Bridget's description of the Nativity of our Lord in 'Revelations' that we have the series of early and middle Renaissance paintings depicting Our Lady and S. Joseph adoring the Infant Jesus as he lies upon the ground, rather than in the Franciscan and Biblical manger. An interesting but isolated fact.

I duly translated the paper, and so became acquainted with the style and content of Bridget's writing, as well as learning much about the techniques of translation current in England during the 1400s, a more interesting subject than, perhaps, it at first sounds. Notwithstanding Bridget's Catholic orthodoxy, the importance of Middle English religious texts in the developing study of heresy and the seeds of Reformation after Wycliffe has been well demonstrated by such scholars as Dr. Anne

Hudson¹. Further, these studies have reawakened an interest in Wycliffite philosophy in many including no less a person than Sir Anthony Kenny, once a student at the VEC².

There are six Middle English versions of the 'Twelve Points' remaining in manuscript³. Four of the manuscripts are housed in the British Library, and the remaining two in the Bodleian Library at Oxford and the Somerset Record Office. Two come from complete traditions of Bridget's writings⁴, and the remaining four are independent texts appearing in collections of devotional material. Two other Brigettine texts⁵ also appear in such spiritual anthologies: the most popular, however, is the one we are considering. Writings of other authors alongside which Bridget's work stands and which give us some idea of the high regard in which her work was held are the short text of *The Revelations of Divine Love* by Julian of Norwich, Richard Rolle's *Emendatio Vitae* and works by Ruusbroec and Suso⁶.

The suitability of the 'Twelf Poyntes' for translation lies mainly in the ease with which they could be memorised. The eponymous twelve rules on the spiritual life which in fact form only the second half of the chapter are arranged in four groups of three, each governed by a verb: three things that must be done, three things that must not be done, three things permitted, and three things recommended. Two of the manuscripts have strong links with religious foundations⁷, and it seems likely that others also have a monastic provenance⁸. Though it remains entirely speculative, it is possible to imagine these written tracts forming the basis for venacular sermons delivered by members of the religious houses. Again, the importance and popularity of preaching in English is an element of Fifteenth Century piety which tends to be

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overlooked in older assessments of the period, but which has recently been shown to be crucial for our understanding of it. As Pezzini himself states:

*“The invitation to a meditation on the Passion and the Last Judgement evokes themes very characteristic of Late Medieval spirituality, based, . . . on the delicate balance between love and fear. . . .”*⁹

One of the translations¹⁰ departs from a strict adherence to Bridget’s Latin, overemphasising the fear which the Passion and the Last Judgement inspire and understating a corresponding overflow of love. This could, conceivably, reflect a shift in weight between the concerns of Bridget’s and the translator’s centuries, but the chapter is so brief that it does not really allow us to draw general conclusions. It may be more realistic to attribute the inaccuracy to the psychological state of the translator!

The chapter containing ‘the twelve points’ is remarkably short and composed with an elementary syntactical scheme, and a typical example of the variety of materials which go to make up the bulk of the Saint’s writing. Though the teaching is presented as biographical, it seems unlikely that it refers to a precise episode. Rather, it fits very neatly the ‘genre’ of Revelation, dealing as it does with the surprise an individual feels on being graced with God’s attention. After a kind of bridge passage concerned with the virtues of humility and patience, we arrive at the ‘twelve points’ themselves. After this, displaying a logic following from so much she said at the beginning of this section, obedience is recommended as the ultimate and necessary fruit of humility. The four verbs reappear as a thematic coda, and by extension provide four characterisations of Christ; God, Lord, Bridegroom and Friend.

After toying with the idea of offering a transliteration of one of the Middle English Texts, but doubtful of the copyright laws, I decided that a new translation of the Latin text would be both more edifying and less perilous. There is no modern critical edition of the Latin, and so, like Dttre Pezzini, I have had to rely on that of C. Durante published in Rome in 1606.

Revelationes S. Brigittae II, 16

The words of Christ to his spouse concerning his decision to speak more with her than with her betters, and a record of three things he requires of her, three things he forbids her, three things he allows her, and three things he advises her.

Many people are surprised that I speak with you, and not with others who lead better lives, and who have served me longer. I reply to them in a parable. There is a Lord, who owns many vines, and the wine of each vine tastes different according to the ground in which it grows. So then, when the wine has been pressed, the Lord of the vines sometimes drinks the inferior, lighter wine rather than the superior. But if anyone noticing this as he stands close, should ask him why he acts in this way, the Lord will say that he does it because this wine tastes better and sweeter for the moment; that he does not open and dishonour better wines, but keeps them back for his honour and profit, each according to their proper time. So have I acted with you. I have many friends, whose life is sweeter to me than honey, more delightful than wine and brighter in my sight than the sun. Nevertheless, I want to single you out in my spirit, not because you are better than them, are to be compared with them, or are worthier of merit than they. But I have chosen you, simply because I, who make

wise the simple and righteous men of sinners, desire it to be so. I have not graced you so as to pass over them; rather, I have kept them back for my further use and honour as righteousness prompts.

Therefore humble yourself, and be anxious about nothing except your sins. Love even those people who seem to hate and despise you, because they give you more opportunity to work for your crown.

I require that you do three things, I forbid you to do three things, I allow you to do three things, I advise you to do three things.

First, I require that you do three things:

1. that you desire nothing but your God
2. that you cast away all pride and arrogance
3. that you always hate the luxury of the flesh.

I forbid you to do three things:

1. that you love empty words and levity
2. that you use too much food and an abundance of other things
3. that you flee the joy and lightness of this world.¹¹

I allow you to do three things:

1. that you take a reasonable amount of sleep leading to good habits
 2. that you take reasonable care over the use of your body
- that you take a reasonable amount of food for the strength and health of your body.

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I advise you to do three things:

1. that you work at fasting and good works, through which the Kingdom of Heaven is advanced
2. that you place all that you have at God's disposal and for his honour
3. that you meditate on two things continually; first, what I have done for you in suffering and dying for you, for this will lead you to love of God; second, my righteousness and coming judgement, for this will strike fear into your soul.

Finally, the fourth thing which I require, command, permit and advise, is that you obey as you ought. I require it because I am your God. I command that you do not act otherwise because I am your Lord. I allow this because I am your bridegroom. I advise it because I am your friend.

The twelve points themselves, even if extremely wide ranging, covering as they do spiritual, moral and even medical advice, seem ultimately, and disappointingly, unremarkable. However, it is the schematic presentation of the teaching and the reflections on the nature of revelation itself which generate the passage's abiding power. S. Bridget's humanity and yet profound Godliness speaks clearly in the parable of the Master of the vines, and for this reason alone the passage deserves a wider modern publicity. Let us hope and pray that as a result of the work of the Sisters in Via di Monserrato her influence will continue to enjoy growing attention and respect.

NOTES:

¹ English Wycliffite Sermons, Ed. Anne Hudson, Three Vols, Clarendon Press, 1983.

² Realism and Determinism in the Early Wycliff, Anthony Kenny. Published in From Ockham to Wycliff, Studies in Church History Subsidia 5 Ed. Anne Hudson and Michael Wilks, Basil Blackwell, 1987. Also: Wycliff in his Times, Ed. Anthony Kenny, Clarendon Press, 1986.

³ B.L. Cotton Claudius B.1, ff.93a-94a

B.L. Cotton Julius B.2, ff.69a-70a

B.L. Additional 37790, f.236b

B.L. Arundel 197, ff.46b-47b

Bodley 131, f.131 a-b

Somerset Record Office, DD/SAS C1193/68, Taunton Horae f.i a-b.

⁴ The Cotton Claudius and Julius Manuscripts.

⁵ Revelations VI,65 and VII,5, both present in the Arundel Manuscript.

⁶ All these texts appear in the Additional, otherwise known as the Amherst, Manuscript.

⁷ Pezzini suggests a connection with Syon Abbey for the Arundel Manuscript, and the Taunton Horae seems to have belonged to the Abbey of Muchelney.

⁸ At the very least the Amherst Manuscript seems likely to have derived from a monastic scriptorium.

⁹ My translation of Pezzini: L'invito alla meditazione sulla Passione e sul Giudizio finale evoca temi molto caratteristica della spiritualità tardo medievale, basata . . . sul delicato equilibrio tra amore e timore.

¹⁰ The Cotton Claudius Manuscript.

¹¹ The Latin seems ambiguous here; I have followed the Middle English translators in leaving the ambiguity in my translation; the reader must decide how far Bridget's liberalism extends.

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From the Archives

The Inventory of the Contents of the English Hospice in 1496

One of the most fascinating single documents in the Archives is *Liber 17*, which is a notebook covering events in the Hospice from 1450 to 1510. Among the references to election of Hospice officials, copies of letters to and from the Hospice and occasional accounts, there are three minutely detailed inventories of all the contents of the Hospice, from the years 1496, 1501 and 1502. Each of these lists exhaustively all that was in the sacristy, the library, the kitchens and all the other rooms of the Hospice, and provide an immensely valuable source of information on the everyday life of the institution.

The first Inventory, of 1496, is in many ways the most interesting of the three. It was taken at a time of great significance for the Hospice, and manifests a new spirit of order and efficiency in the administration of its property.

1496 has been described as ‘a crucial year in the history of the Hospice’¹, since it saw the beginnings of the intervention of Henry VII in its governance; the old *custos*, Hugh Spaldyng, was replaced by one Robert Shirborn, the Archdeacon of Buckingham and Henry VII’s secretary and *orator*, in early October of that year. It seems that the Hospice was not flourishing under the administration of Spaldyng; Shirborn, however, once appointed and confirmed in appointment by the *confratres*, wasted no time in setting about his work of consolidation; for example, by 1497 he had commenced a work of major restoration of the church, which would last four years and cost a total of 1000 ducats². It is also clear that another element of Shirborn’s administrative zeal was the commencing of the great “inventory of sych goodys as is in the hospitall”³, begun in October 1496 and completed in December 1498.

Shirborn appointed as his substitute in Hospice matters one Edward Scott, *camerarius* of the Hospice, in whose hand the Inventory is written. Though the listing of Hospice contents was clearly begun in 1496, the Inventory does not appear to have been written up in *Liber 17* until late in 1498; immediately preceding the first page of the Inventory are paragraphs dated December 1497⁴, and the Inventory itself records deaths and events from November 1496 to November 1498. It concludes with the following statement: “. . . the xij day of Januari 1499 ther was a count and serche made of all syche goodys and stuff that master roberd shyrbou^r archid of bokyngham fond in the hospitall at that tyme as the bredyr of the hospitall consynyd the reule of yt in hys handis the wych was the fyrst day of octob 1496.”⁵ This final page lists those things which have gone missing since the Inventory was begun. The document ends with the signatures and attestations of William Baron, Richard Trappe and Hugh Spaldyng, dated 15th January 1499.

The present work merely purports to be the publication of the text of this remarkable document, reproduced in full with the exception of the lists of the contents of the library; these lists of books are of less general interest than the other contents of the Hospice, and so, because of the limited space available, have been omitted.

Despite the occasional difficulties resulting from the somewhat flexible late fifteenth-century spelling, the document is fairly easily read. Terms, spellings or objects which are more unclear have been explained in the notes; the numbers referring to these are the only editorial interpolations in the text itself. When a word occurs frequently, it has only been noted at its first appearance.

NOTES

¹ *Venerabile*, Vol. XXI (1962), p.156

² cf. *Liber 17*, f.20r-20v

³ *ibid.* f.21r

⁴ *ibid.* f.20v

⁵ *ibid.* f.26v

[f.21^r]

Regestrū bonor hospitalis 1496

Here folowyht the Innentary of sych godyst as is in the hospitall of the trinite and saynt thomas of centerbery in rome oversene be master nicolas west and master fransis ordinis minor and chappelayne of the sayd hospitall in the begynnyng of octob 1496 at what season the bredyr of the sayd hospitall requiryd master shyrboy to take the reule of yt in hys handys ad meliorem finem

¶ Here folouth the Innentary of plate of sylver: and sum of yt gylt

In þms a payr of sylver cruetts gevyn be my lady of york weyng . ix. uncs and a half	ix uncs ði.
Itm ij basyns of silver w ^t rosys in ther bottums gyfyn to y ^e hospitall by y ^e sayd lady weyng lxxxij uncs and a half	lxxxij uncs. ði
Itm a payr of silver cruetts gevyn be John gerona weyng x. uncs	.x. uncs.
Itm ij basyns of silver gevyn be the sayd John gerona weyng xxxviii uncs ði	xxxviii uncs ði
Itm a payr of silver canstykkys gyfyn be my lady of york weyng lxx uncs ði	lxx uncs ði
Itm a payr of sylver canstykkys wyth rede rosys i the fote gevyn be John geron weyng xxix uncs	xxix uncs.
Itm a pyxd of silver pcellys ¹ gylt for the sakyment weyng uncs xix and iij qrters	xix uncs iij qrters
Itm a pax of sylver w ^t a krystall stoone in the myddys gyfyn be master hew spaldyng weyng ij uncs and iij quarters	ij uncs iij qrters
Itm a chales sylver and gylt not consecrat w ^t this mark. j. weyng	xvij uncs ði
Itm a chales sylver and gylt w ^t this mark. 2. weyng <small>master shyrboy had yt to yngland wt hym</small>	x uncs i qrters
Itm a chales sylver and gylt w ^t this mark. 3. weyng	xvij uncs iij qrters
Itm a chales sylver and gylt gyfyn be my lady of york w ^t this mark. 4.	xx uncs i qrters
Itm a chales sylver and gylt w ^t this mark. 5. gyffyn be John gerona	xvij uncs i qrters
Itm a chales sylver and gylt w ^t this mark. 6. weyng	xiii uncs 3 qrters
Itm a chales sylver w ^t the fote cop and gylt of this mark. 7. weyng all	xij uncs 3 qrters
Itm a chales sylver and gylt w ^t this mark. 8. weyng	xii uncs
Itm a chales sylver and gylt gyvyn be modyr katryn of saynt edmundus w ^t this mark. 9. weyng	xii uncs
Itm a chales sylver and gylt w ^t this mark. x. gefyn be the abbot of abyngton	xxix uncs
Itm a bolle of sylver w ^t passylls gylt wrytyn w ^t the bottum vinu letificat cor.	viii uncs
Itm a bolle of sylver of y ^e old fassion gylt in the bottm weyng	xj uncs ði
Itm a bolle of sylver w ^t the trynyste in the bottum passells gylt weyng	xi uncs i qrters
Itm v sponys of sylver w ^t lyons gylt in ther endys weyng v uncs	v uncs
Itm vj sponys sylver of on sort playn weyng	vij uncs
Itm vj sponys sylver of dyvers sorts sum of them brokyn weyng	iii uncs 3 qrters
Sñ totalis w ^t the chales y ^t has y ^e cop. fote:	uncys 477

Itm̄ a myter for a byshop: set w^t perlys and counterset stonys estemyd at a cl. doketts
 Itm̄ a payr of sandallys of rede cholth of baudkyn²
 Itm̄ ij payr of shoys of rede cloth of baydkyn
 Itm̄ a pontyfyall ryng [of copyr] w^t a stoon callyd a garnet in yt et valet circa ks.5.
 Itm̄ a payr of glovys for a byshop of redee cloth of bauddkyn Hō that y^c sayd glovys mast^r john giglis
 Itm̄ iiij whyt mytyrs for byshoppys of whyt lynyn cloth. byshop of worcetter and orator to owe^r
 Itm̄ a booke of satuts of the hospitall wrytyn in parchement w^t a kyng hadd them a pon hys handys whan
 seele pendent the wich seele is closyd in leddy the he was beryd in this hospitall and so they
 secund lefe of the sayd booke begynnys statuta qui remaynyd in hys grafe w^t hym; master
 Itm̄ ij selys of the hospitall on rund anodyr long lyyng silvester de giglis promised to gyf the
 in the chyst w^t.3. keys hospitall a nodyr payr of glovys for them.

[f.21^r] here folowthe the ornaments of the chyrche the wych lythe in the
 tresowre hows: and also in the revestres³: and sum of thē in the sayd chyrch

In p̄mis iiij copys of rede cloth of baudkyn
 Itm̄ a cope of blew clothe of baudkyn
 Itm̄ a cope of blake velwet w^t sterris of gold
 Itm̄ a cope of rede baudkyn cloth w^t owt parellis or lynyng
 Itm̄ a chysebyll⁴ cloth of gold fyn. the grownd blew furneshyd w^t albe amese and fane⁵ havyng
 Itm̄ ij chysebyllis of whyt damask forneshyd w^t albys amesys stolys and fannys | no stole
 Itm̄ a rede cheseble braynchyd⁶ w^t gold w^t a very fyne albe and amese and stole and fanne
 Itm̄ ij tonekyllys⁷ of rede welwet w^t parellys to set a pon albe and amese: braynchyd w^t gold.
 Itm̄ a chesebyll of blew chamlet⁸ furneshyd w^t albe amese the stole and fanne there of nought
 Itm̄ ij tonekyllys blew champlet of the same sorte
 Itm̄ vj tonekyllys of rede clothe of baudkyn not lynyd havyng there parellis grene cloth of
 Itm̄ a chesebyll of rede sylk not lynyd forneshyd w^t albe amese stole and fanne | baudkyn
 Itm̄ ij tonekyllys of the same sort lynyd w^t grene sylk and iiij parallys of the same to
 Itm̄ ij tonekyllys of rede cloth of baudkyn w^t chesebyll albe stole | set a pon albis
 and fanne and amese of the same
 Itm̄ a old chesebyll of blak nothyng worthe: saf alonly the parellis to set a pon a new
 Itm̄ a nold cloth of rede baudkyn to kever the tabyll in y^c tresor hows wher a pon this
 stofe be fore wrytyn for the most pt lyyys.
 Itm̄ vj albis and iiij amesys w^t owt parellis of y^c wych: ij albis be lytyll worth
 Itm̄ a new orfes⁹ or a parell to a cope wroght w^t nedyll werk w^t ij odyr smale
 pesys of the same werke: and theys be new and were never occupied
 Itm̄ a cloth of rede baudkyn lynyd w^t yelow to hang hyst over the hy autyr
 Itm̄ ij clothys of grene sylk w^t ymagery of wroght the lyf of saynt thomas of cān̄ty
 lynyd w^t blew: thee lenger of them [tha] to hang over the hy autyr; and the shorter
 of them w^t a frontlet a pon yt new; for the front of the sayd autyr
 Itm̄ a frontlet the groune rede velwet branchyd w^t letters of gold: boon pense
 Itm̄ iiij paulys¹⁰ singyll of rede changeabyll sarcynet¹¹
 Itm̄ ij old bankers¹² blew cloth of baudkyn. the oon lynyd the odyr not lynyd
 Itm̄ a cloth of rede baudkyn: fouer square lynyd w^t bokeram¹³ to lay a pon the
 tabyll under the sakyrment:
 Itm̄ a front and a frontlet of whyt damask for a nauter w^t a rede crosse in
 the myddys lynyd w^t whyt also.
 Itm̄ xiiij baners of sylk of dyvers sortes w^t armys of yngland a pone theme
 Itm̄ a lytyll old baner of grene sarsynet for the crosse [Itm̄ ij lytyll.]
 Itm̄ ij lytyll cortens [for the crosse] of blak sarcynet w^t rynggs to hang
 at the endys of a nautyr.
 Itm̄ ij lytyll odyr cortens steynynd¹⁴ w^t angellis for the endys of a nawtyr also.

Itm̄ iiij lytyll skochyns¹⁵ of rede sylk w¹ iij crouns of gold wrought w¹ nedyl a pon theme
 Itm̄ a cloth of rede velwet branchyd w¹ gold to kever the sepulkyr¹⁶ w¹
 Itm̄ ij old frontlettys of grene cloth of baudkyn
 Itm̄ a front and a frontlet of blak damaske w¹ garters. lynyd w¹ blew and ij
 odyr clothys of the same sort on of them w¹ a crucyfyx to hang over a nautyr.

[f. 22^r] Itm̄ xx large clothis of sylk hangyngys for the chyrge w¹ dyvers
 armys a pon them: lynyd all. sum w¹ blew: sum w¹ whyt. savyng
 on of them the wych is not lynyd: nor has no armys
 Itm̄ iiij old bankers for the chyrch of the whych iij be verdoure
 and on of them ymagery.
 Itm̄ a nold box of vvery¹⁷ to put in relykkys.
 ¶Itm̄ ij corperas casys¹⁸ of fyn cloth of gold w¹ corpasys in them
 Itm̄ ij keverynggs for chalessys: of the wych on keverying is cloth
 of gold also:
 Itm̄ x corpas casys w¹ corpasys in theme and iij old casys be syde
 Itm̄ v supaltaris¹⁹ layd a bowt w¹ tymber
 Itm̄ xv chesybyllys the most pt nowght: of the wych v be
 whyt for lent all fornyshyd w¹ albe: amese: stoole: and fanne. safyn
 v fannys wantyng in the hole numbyr.
 Itm̄ a nold tonekyll the wych is nowght: it semys tauny sylk.
 Itm̄ vj old frontys for autyrs: of gold foyle: the wych be lytyll worth
 Itm̄ viij auter clothys frontys: steynynd: for lent and a frontlett
 for the hy autyr all old.
 Itm̄ viij odyr frontis old: steynynd: the wych servys for every day in the
 chyrch: the wych iiij of them be lytyll worth
 Itm̄ a nold steynynd cloth to kever the roode w¹ in lent
 Itm̄ xxxiij autyr clothys of dyap²⁰ and lynyn of the wych
 xij be reasnable good and all the remnaut lytyll worth.
 Itm̄ vj towellys of the wych ij of them be fyne of sylk
 and the remnaut of them lytyll worth
 Itm̄ iiij surplesys and a rochet.
 Itm̄ xxv cosshyns of the wych iij be of whyt sylk large:
 and ij of tauny sylk: and ij of rede sylk: and ij of ledder
 wrough w¹ gold foyle: and the xvi odyr gret and smale to lay under
 the bokys at masse tyme.
 Itm̄ lj kerchers²¹ for the sakerment: on of them umpyll²² the todyr laune²³
 Itm̄ ij payre gret candylstykkys of laten²⁴ gevyn be on master reynald



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kentwod sum tyme deen of poulys.

Itm̄ ij payre of smale candylstykkys to stand a pon the auters.

Itm̄ a pyx for the sacrament cop. and gylt: a pt. ther of brokyn

Itm̄ ij lampys of laten: on of them hanging be fore the

sakyrment: the todyr be fore saynt thomas in the entre be the haule.

*[Here folouth the regester of the bokys that langys
to this hospitall.]*

l = ff.22^v - 23^v]

[f.24^l) ¶ Here folouth the Inventory of beddyng and of syche thynggs
as langys to the chambers whare the pulgrymys [lys] lyys and all
odyr men and women w^t in the hospitall.

In p.mis xxxix bedsteddys of the wych iij be rynnnyng beddis

Itm̄ iij sakkownys²⁵ and a old tester for a bedde

Itm̄ a xj fedyrbeddys ij of them is but lytyll worth

Itm̄ xxvij matrassys the wych be very old

Itm̄ xxxij bolsters vj of them stuffyd w^t fedyrs; the todyr w^t flokks²⁶

Itm̄ xxij keverynggs for beddys: of blew bokram of the wych
cij of them be but lytyll worth

Itm̄ iij old keverynggs of the wych on is arase²⁷: and ij verdoure²⁸

Itm̄ iij whyt qwyltys

Itm̄ vj cover ynggs of shreddys lytyll worth

Itm̄ lvij payr of shetys: of all sortys: be syd the xij payr of shetys at saynt edmundus

¶ Here follwth the napery ware for to serve the tabullys

In p.mis xxij tabull clothys sum long and sum short of the wych:

xij [payr] tabull cothis war had of madona Jane the most pt fyne

Itm̄ xl napkyns: the most pte diap

Itm̄ ix coberd clothis:

Itm̄ xij tovallys: on of them iij cannys²⁹ long very fyne had of madona Jane

Itm̄ iij old rowlars³⁰ of diap

¶ Here folowth the Inventory of chysts:tabullis:stolys: and bankks

In pmis xxxij long chysts and short of the wych the most pt has no keys

Itm̄ xv joynyd formis

Itm̄ ij long sedyllys³¹ or bankks the wych standys in the halle

Itm̄ iij joynyd stolis

Itm̄ xv cheyrs

Itm̄ a stole for seke men to ese them in ther necessite

Itm̄ xij tabullis w^t tho that be in the kechyne: of y^e wych vj long vj short

Itm̄ viij payr of trestyllis

Itm̄ v coberdys³² iij of them w^t loke and key

Itm̄ a laver of peuter in the hall where men and women washys there handis

Itm̄ iij payr of yerns³³ to make syngyng brede³⁴ w^t

Itm̄ a old lantern of tymbyr and glasse

¶ Here folowthe Inventory of the carpetts

Itm̄ xiiij carpettis of the wych: on is long to ly a pon a tabull: and a nodyr old
and gret to be layd be fore the hy auter a pon the grownd at hy festis. vj of them feyr
of iij rotis a pese: and v old carpetts of them
Itm̄ a nold paule the ground scarlett w^t the armys of yngland a pon it: hanggyng
be fore the chymney in the halle.

Ita est edwardas scott manu ppria

[f.24^v] ¶Here folouth the Inventory of sych godys as master [master] robert shyrbōy archid.
of bokyngham has bowght for howsould for the hospitall: be syde repations and
makynge of the chyrch as It aperyth in the book of a counts of expenss.

In pmis he left at his deptyng owt of rome the ix day of novemb 1496
a matrasse: a bolstere: a coveryng of blew lynyd w^t on shete
Itm̄ iij stoolys to syt a pon
Itm̄ a long tabull: and a payr of trestyllys
Itm̄ that was bowght also of master nicolas west be edward scott master shyrbōy^y
substitute in the hospitall: fyrst a matrasse that is very good stuffyd w^t bumbas
and coveryd w^t whyt fustian³⁵
Itm̄ a qwylt that is of whyt lynyn and stuffyd w^t bumbas³⁶
Itm̄ a carpet of iij rotys good
It a stole and a lytyll tabyll w^t trestyllys
Itm̄ bowght xiiij payre of shetys of new cloth of the wych viij payre of the smallest
sort whan they ware made: was gefyn to saynt edmundis owt of the a count
made of the inventory of this place: and so remayns: vj payr to this hospitall
Itm̄ lij new napkyns of the wych xxiiij be diap and xxviiij playn cloth
Itm̄ iij long tabull clothis of new diap for the pilgrymys tabull
Itm̄ a nauter cloth (of the trinite saynt christofer and saynt george to hang
be fore the front of the hy alter) new steynynd
Itm̄ a pelowber³⁷ of whyt sylk the wych is for to make ij lytyll pelows of
to lay the masse boks a pon the auter whan the prest says masse

*(Here folowth the [boks] Inventory of the boks that was gevyn to the hospitall
be dyvers p.sons under wrytyn.)*

(° f.25^r)

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[f.25^v] Itm̄ a byll wrytyn w^t the hand of master willm dengayn in the wych
 the sayd master wyllm dengayn confessis hym self dettour to master doctor
 francis chappelayn of the hospitall in ducats de camera vij and a half.
 Itm̄ a nodyr byll of on John gerard of normandy confessyng hym self
 dettour to the sayd master francis in xij doketts larg.
 Itm̄ a nodyr byll of master doctor tynmouth hand confessyng hym self
 dettour to the sayd master francis in vj ducats and ks viij
 Itm̄ a byll of on callyd willm dauny marchant of lyn confessyng
 hym self dettor to the sayd master doctor francis in viij florens
 the wych makys in doketts of gold vj
 Itm̄ a byll of on callyd John rose scottisman confessyng hym self dettour
 to master doctor francis in vij doketts of gold be syde a pleasoure sheued to hyum

Jōhēs de giglis ēpc wigornien Memorandū that master John giglis orator to ouer kyng: gaf to this
 hospitall a chesebyll. of whyt damske hawyng a long pese of rede saten a pon
 the bake of yt
 Itm̄ he gaf also a ymage of our lady set in a tabull 4 square y^t wych is in
 the chyrche.

¶Master richard fenrother Memorandū that master richard fenrother gaf a corpas case of cloth of gold
 the bak syd velwet: and the rother³⁸ of a shyp made upon yt w^t a corpas
 w^t in the syd case: the wych on callyd rychard abre srwantt to my lord
 p̄or of saynt johns be smythfeld delyverd to the hospitall in mēse novem 1498

hugo spaldyng Memorandū that master hugo spaldyng gaf thys yere 1498 to saynt edmunds hospitall
 a chesebyll and ij auterclothys of grene cloth of baudkyn w^t albe:amese:stole and fanne
 Itm̄ he gaf also to saynt edmunds ij autre clothis of lynyn to ly a pon the auter the
 wych clothys be not consecrate as yet.

[f.26^r] ¶Here folouth the Inventory of the vesell of the kechyn of the hospitall

In p.mis xxiiij platers and chargers of dyvers sorts: of peuter
 Itm̄ xxj dishes of peuter to sue potesh in: of divers sortis
 Itm̄ xiiij sausers of peuter of divers sortis
 Itm̄ xvij flat dishes of peuter of divers sortis
 Itm̄ vj quarders³⁹ ordyr wyte callyd trenchers of peuter

Itm̄ a brasse pote w^t iij fete
 Itm̄ a gret brasse potte w^t iij fete w^t a band of yern and ij rynggs a pon yt
 Itm̄ ij porach⁴⁰ potts of cop.
 Itm̄ a pott of brasse w^t a coveryng tyd to yt w^t a cheyn: to sett water to y^e kechyn
 Itm̄ iiij ketyllys w^t bandys of yerne a pon every on of them:
 Itm̄ a grete pan of brasse w^t a band of yern and ij handyllys
 Itm̄ a streyner of laten w^t a soket
 Itm̄ ij fryyng pannys of yerne
 Itm̄ a grater for bredde of tymber and plate
 Itm̄ ij gredyerns of yerne of the wych on of them is nowght
 Itm̄ ladyllis of yerne
 Itm̄ j fleshehok of yerne
 Itm̄ ij skomers⁴¹ of yerne
 Itm̄ ij cheynys of yerne hanggyng over the chymney to hang potts [a polover the feyr
 Itm̄ ij peyr of lytyll pott hokks of yerne

Itm̄ ij payre of aundryns⁴² of yerne
 Itm̄ ij trebetts⁴³ of yerne
 Itm̄ a payre of tonggys of yerne and a fyre shovyll of yerne
 Itm̄ iiij brochys⁴⁴ to rost mete w^t [of] the wych be of yerne
 Itm̄ ij keverynggs of yerne for the ovyns
 Itm̄ a brasim mortar: and ij odyr morters of stoone
 Itm̄ a crep⁴⁵ odyrwise callyd a yerne w^t mony hoks to serche a thyng loft in a well
 Itm̄ ij boketts of brasse w^t cheynys of yerne: for the well
 Itm̄ a payre of wheyghtys of yerne to wey mete and odyr thynggs in the hospitall
 Itm̄ ij troppying pannys⁴⁶ of yerne to sett undernethe the rost mete
 Itm̄ a coveryng of yerne for the porege pottis
 Itm̄ ij peuter potts for the kechyn to bere wyne in
 Itm̄ ij boxis to put in salt of tymber
 Itm̄ xiiij candilstykkys of laten
 Itm̄ iij gret knyfys for the kechyn
 Itm̄ a botell of tymber for veneger
 Itm̄ a chafyng dishe of laten
 Itm̄ a old showyll of yerne to make clen the kechyn

[f.26^v] Memorandū that the xij day of January 1499 ther was a count and serche made of all syche goodys and stuff that master roberd shyrboy^y archid. of bokyngham fond in the hospitall at that tyme as the bredyr of the hospitall consynd the reule of yt in hys handis the wych was the fyrst day of octob 1496: and all thynggs was found and seene: except theys thynggs here folowyng the wych was occupyd and spent about the use and thynggs necessary of the sayd hospitall as here folows.

In pmis ther takks x payr of shetis and on shet of the wyche on was stolyn and sum of them spent as is here next under wrytyn

In pmis on shet to bery jamis haule a pylgryme in august 1497

Itm̄ a shete to bery doctor shyrwode in octob 1497

Itm̄ a shete to bery thomas lasynby in august 1498

Itm̄ a shete to bery water bouyer a pylgrime in septemb 1498

Itm̄ a shete to bery roger the monks man of saynt swythyns in septemb 1498

Itm̄ a shete to bery mast doctor fancis chapellayne of y^e hospitall in novemb 1498

Itm̄ iij shetys the wych war old: that ware spent to make femstrallis⁴⁶ for wyndows dyvers in the hospitall: and in certayn they ware but lytyll worth: but for that use

Itm̄ a shete to robert brunam that was brokyn for hym to hys use when he was seke

Itm̄ a shete and a half brokyn for roberd soudyer whane he was seke | de morbo gallico

Itm̄ a shete that was brokyn for master lessys ij men hurt at viterby whare theyr master was slayne and they afterward cam to rome to thys hospitall and here helyd

Itm̄ ij shetes to mend a testyr of a bede: and a qwylt

Itm̄ ij shetys to cover iij pelows w^t all

Itm̄ a shete to make a autercloth w^t all that hanggs be fore the auter ī y^e chyrch

Itm̄ iij shetys at dyvers tymys to make dishe clowts and to wype vessell for y^e kechyn

Itm̄ ij tabulcloths the wyche is old: and v napkyns lytyll worth: the wych war spent also at dyvers tymys in the kechyn at saynt thomas feste

Itm̄ a napkin the wych s. giglis bouley had hoome w^t hyme to yngland

Itm̄ a rouler⁴⁷ the wych was old: left be elizabeth whan she was lavender here

Itm̄ a carpet that was lent to my lord orator mast^r John gylis and never restoryd

Ego Gulielmus barons 1499 die mens Januarii
 decima quinta a oīā & singula bona hospitalis scē trinitat,
 et thome martiris in urbe roma q̄ a charta q̄ ĩcipit registrū
 bonor, hospitalis. hucusq₃ cōtinēt diligenter vidi at₃ recipi
 e manus dñi edwardi scoot q̄ oīā & singula iuxta posse
 meū accurate studiose cōs,nabo

Ego richardus trappe pomt et camerarius oīā prscripta diligēt
 vidi et oīā fidelit hab. . . . ut p̄fort intellexi
 Et ego hugo spaldyng custos hospitalis etiam vidi et [.] oīā recepi.

- ¹ pcellys [passyllys/passells]: parcels, small pieces
- ² baudkyn: a rich embroidered material originally made with warp of gold and woof of silk
- ³ revestre: revestry, the vestry or sacristy
- ⁴ chysebyll [chesebyll/chesebbyll]: chasuble
- ⁵ fane [fanne]: manipule
- ⁶ braynchyd [branchyd]: branched, adorned with a figured pattern in embriodery, gilding, chasing
- ⁷ tonekyllys: tunicle or dalmatic
- ⁸ chamlet [champlet]: camlet, originally a costly eastern fabric, made from a mixture of camel or goat hair and silk
- ⁹ orfes: orphrey or apparel
- ¹⁰ paulyys: palls, cloth of any sort, normally with a design
- ¹¹ changeabyll sarcynet [sarsynet]: a fine, soft silk, plain or twilled, usually used for linings, showing different shades of colour under different lights
- ¹² banker: covering, generally of tapestry, for a bench or chair
- ¹³ bokeram: buckram: a fine linen or cotton fabric
- ¹⁴ steynynd: stained — ornamented with coloured pictures or designs
- ¹⁵ stochyns: (e)scutcheons — shields or shield-shaped surfaces bearing arms or a similar design
- ¹⁶ sepulkyr: sepulchre — a permanent or temporary structure in the church for the reposition of the Blessed Sacrament on Good Friday
- ¹⁷ yvery: ivory
- ¹⁸ corperas casys: corporal cases, burses
- ¹⁹ supaltaris: superaltar — a portable altar stone
- ²⁰ dyap [diap]: diaper — a linen fabric with a simple pattern produced by the different directions of thread
- ²¹ kerchers: any small linen cloths
- ²² umpyll: umple — a fine linen stuff
- ²³ laune: lawn — a fine linen resembling cambric
- ²⁴ laten: latten — brass or a similar substance
- ²⁵ sakkowns: beds lined or made with sack-cloth
- ²⁶ flokks: flock — material consisting of the tufts or refuse of wool and cotton, used for quilting mattresses and stuffing beds
- ²⁷ arase: arras — cloth or hangings, sometimes in rich colours, bedcovers
- ²⁸ verdoure: verdour — rich tapestry ornament of trees, foliage, etc.
- ²⁹ cannys: cans — a unit of measurement
- ³⁰ rowlars: rollers — bandages or cloths for polishing
- ³¹ sedylls: benches
- ³² coberdys: cupboard
- ³³ yerns [yern/yerne]: iron(s)
- ³⁴ syngyng brede: toast
- ³⁵ fustian: thick, twilled cotton cloth with a short pile, normally dark in colour
- ³⁶ bumbas: bombase — a cotton fibre dressed for stuffing, hence cotton-wool, cotton-wadding

- ³⁷ pelowber: pillow-bere — pillowcase
³⁸ rother: rudder
³⁹ quarders: plates
⁴⁰ porach [porege]: porridge
⁴¹ skomers: scummers — a shallow ladle to remove floating matter from the surface of a liquid
⁴² aundryns: hand-irons
⁴³ trebetts: trivetts — three-legged stands for pots or kettles over a fire
⁴⁴ brochys: pointed instruments for roasting meat, spits
⁴⁵ crep: creeper — a kind of grappling-iron used for dragging the sea, or any body of water
⁴⁶ troppyng pannys: dripping-pans, to catch the 'dripping' from roasting meat
⁴⁷ fenistrallys: fenestrats — lattices or window-frames fitted with cloth or paper as a substitute for crystal or glass
⁴⁸ rouler: cf. note 30

Revelation at Sunset,

Palazzola

Stay awhile and learn, my friend,
that even I desire a lover.
My need is to share this scene
with you and with no other.

Look beyond the darkening ridge,
beyond the shadowed plain.
Look from your high terraced ledge
beyond the sea enflamed.

For to the sun beyond the line
that marks your vision's end,
for your sake at this passing time
my glory I will lend.

And as you look you'll know love's pain,
for there it is expressed
that my heart too does know love's claim;
in desiring, never rests.

So stay with me and see awhile.
Through falling darkness shines
the fading of the cloud-framed fire
whose passion is mine.

Stay awhile and know, my friend,
that even I desire a lover.
My need is to share this scene
with you and with no other.

Romanesque: The Roman Organist

Has it ever struck you that there is a large class of people in the Church who are essentially invisible? They rarely penetrate the consciousness of the congregation at large, never get any notice or any particular attention paid to them — until they *do something different or get something wrong*. Such are the ladies who do the flowers, the people who shove the ubiquitous collection baskets round, even the altar servers . . . some might suggest that Parish Priests come into this category as well; they all enjoy this mysterious, fair weather invisibility. However, it only takes the slightest misplaced gladioli, dropped thurible or reordered sanctuary for the congregation to take a sudden and often passionate interest in the previously arcane disciplines concerned, and to explode the placid anonymity of the individuals responsible for the outrage.

This phenomenon is most frequently encountered in music; the parish choir, if it exists, is normally allowed to maunder along on its more or less harmonic way without much interference, but let the choirmaster/mistress attempt something — *horribile dictu* — ‘modern’, and the congregation will be up in arms and directing penetrating glances at the offending choirmistress/master’s credentials, qualifications, morals and general family history even unto the tenth generation. . . .

One figure is especially subject to this treatment: the organist. It is usually the case that this abused musician lurks in the anonymous isolation of the organ loft, invisible to the crowds below, the only communication between the two being the accompaniments, improvisations and voluntaries he or she allows to waft over the edge of the gallery for the edification — or otherwise — of the masses. To say that the organist is usually taken for granted is stating the startlingly obvious; for the ambitious organist who would force him or herself on the unsuspecting awareness of the congregation, we would recommend our two unailing rules: **DO SOMETHING DIFFERENT** or **GET SOMETHING WRONG**.

‘Doing something different’ is not hard: most Catholic congregations can cope with most pieces of organ music written before this century. A spot of wandering Bach or trundling Buxtehude, or even some slushy Mendelssohn, will go down a treat. But if the organist starts getting daring, and has a bash at something somewhat later — like the crashing chords of Jean Langlais, or the unsettling harmonies of Messaien — then eyes will be raised towards the organ loft and questions will be asked. Even something unexpectedly rhythmic, tuneful and jolly, irrespective of the century of origin, like Haydn, Lefébure-Wély, or William Mathias, will provoke the righteous wrath of the quietest congregation.

‘Getting something wrong’ is normally even easier. There are two well-known tunes to the hymn ‘Crown Him with Many Crowns’. Most Parishes know one. Heaven help the unsuspecting organist who plays the other one. . . .

The College, while being a little more musically alert than a lot of parishes, manifests many of the same reactions as the average Parish congregation when it comes to the organist. The anonymity-factor is more marked here: at the moment there are ten College organists, and so the majority of the students will have little

idea which of the ten is pressing the keys for any particular liturgy. (This is not strictly true: there are devious ways of guessing who is 'on' — depending on such variables as volume, speed, accuracy, manifestation of taste or otherwise in the choice of voluntary, etc., but these are too subtle to assist our discourse.) This, combined with the fact that the organist, and indeed the organ, are completely invisible, leads to most people taking the background music and accompaniments rather for granted.

Unfortunately, the first of our 'Rules for Getting Noticed', applicable in the Parish, is less useful here. It seems that the College can cope with Vierne and Dupré — even the oddest contemporary stuff can be accepted here. If you want to break out of the organist's traditional obscurity, you have to follow the second rule; the one infallible way to make people sit up and notice you is to muck something up. Possibilities here are almost endless — ranging from the simple 'full organ' accompaniment of a softly singing soloist, to the inspired attempt to play in F major a hymn in fact written in E flat minor.

A popular technique with the unexperienced College organist is born from the peculiar 'delay-factor' afforded by the position of the organ in the Church: given that the organist hears the singing from the congregation about two seconds after they have sung it, he must keep slightly ahead of them. Some unsuspecting players make the mistake, however, of trying to follow the congregation: since most of the congregation are in fact trying to follow the organ, this results in a magnificent *rallentando* that can leave you wondering if a five verse hymn is ever going to reach the last line of verse five. . . .

Some 'getting it wrong' is less skillful, but equally effective, like playing Magnificat 16 when everyone else is singing Magnificat 17; it is quite surprising how long this can continue before it eventually breaks down. Picking an unknown tune to a familiar hymn is also quite useful: you can normally count on about two verses played as a voluntary before the organist notices that anything is up.

A slightly different — but no less effective — technique is 'being clever'. The 'clever organist' — a curious creature — has visions not so much of Vespers in the College Church as of Choral Evensong in York Minster or Ely Cathedral. This leads him — erroneously — to suppose that he can do exciting things like re-harmonise that nice, if difficult psalm tone, and solo the scrumptious tenor line on a clarinet in the canticle, and play the final verse of the hymn as an improvised toccata, and so on. . . . This normally leaves the congregation floundering blankly in a smudge of unhelpful harmony and a blanket of unsupportive sound as it tries to find the tune that 'it was sure was in there somewhere'. The usual result is embarrassed silence, while the oblivious organist enjoys his imaginary *tuba mirabilis*. . . .

The organist's moment of glory comes, of course, in the final voluntary; unfortunately for the organist, the way things work in the English College rather militates against him shining at this point: most liturgical services held in the Church terminate in a meal, like Supper; thus it does little for an organist's morale to launch into the lengthy intricacies of something like Bach's so-called Dorian Toccata, knowing all along that most of his audience will have fled to their *Spaghetti alla carbonara* before he's got through the first six bars. Some organists try to

compensate for this: they attempt to arrest the rush for the refectory by something distinctive, catchy and 'different', like Sousa's 'Liberty Bell' march, or free improvisations on the theme from 'Match of the Day' (we even had 'Abide with me' and 'You'll Never Walk Alone' when Liverpool won the F.A. Cup!). Even this, however, normally only displays the futility of trying to halt the English College when stampeding for the trough, and is a little sad, really. . . .

Every now and again something does slow them down a bit; it has become traditional that the final service of the College year held in the Church hears the organist freely improvising on the tune 'Arrivederci Roma'; 'Moonlight and Roses' is a good one for Gaudete Sunday, and the 'War March of the Priests' is a handy reserve. One thing, however, which it's always difficult to play without seeming a little pointed is 'The Arrival of the Queen of Sheba'. . . .

Occasionally the College organists get out to play, as they accompany the various House Functions around the city. This is, at best, a challenging experience, and sometimes downright terrifying. An organist who sets out on these expeditions unprepared for the worse inevitably ends up with an evening of intense mental and often physical strain. Since Rome, as a whole, does not seem too much bothered about its organs, the innocent organist can expect to find something like the following.

On diffidently enquiring about the organ, it should not come as a surprise to find that no one knows anything about it, or even knows that there is one, despite a large and obvious phalanx of dusty pipes and casework at the back of the church. Some elderly religious or sacristan may eventually be found who knows how to get



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to it. This route is inevitably lengthy and devious: at S. Gregorio on the Celian a few years ago the College organist eventually discovered the door to the organ loft hiding behind a large wardrobe full of music; at S. Maria in Campitelli you are taken into a lift and wander through endless corridors before you arrive at the instrument; and at the Chiesa Nuova — by far the most picturesque route — you have to wander down a cloister, up the back staircase, through the Oratorians' house, past their refectory, round a dome, through a roof garden and a store-room and then crawl *through* the organ itself before you get to the console.

On safely arriving at the '*grande organo*', you are then told by the sacristan, your fellow adventurer, that it hasn't been played either for forty years, or (in the case of an annual English College function) since your predecessor played it last year, after which there usually follows a frustrating half-hour while the two of you work out how to turn it on. However, you eventually discover the switch (cunningly disguised as a baroque cherub, or a telephone, or hidden deep in the instrument's innards), and crank the thing into wheezing life.

On trying it out, you can be pleasantly surprised, though it is far more likely that half the diapasons don't work, all the reeds sound like imaginatively tuned lymphatic ducts (except the sixteen foot Ophecleide on the pedal, which resembles a protesting foghorn), the tremulant is stuck on, imparting a cheery Blackpool Prom effect to your Missa De Angelis, and the eight-, four- and two-foot flute stops have a distressing habit of coming away in your hand, added to this, you can be pretty sure that the motor will turn itself off half-way through Widor's Toccata and that every note on the Swell will start sticking when you're in the thick of a Bach Chorale Prelude. The rest of the College meanwhile, blissfully ignorant of the battle you undertake on their behalf, sits downstairs wondering what you've been drinking. . . .

This is all assuming that there is a *grande organo*. If the sacristan not only says that there is an instrument, but starts to scatter superlatives ('*grandissimo*', '*meraviglioso*', '*con una tonalità purissima*', etc.), then beware; all too often, after the instrument has been rapturously praised by various sacristans, parish priests, old ladies and the like, you will be led to the "organ", only to find that it is a particularly noxious electric organ, or a sinister little harmonium lurking malevolently in a badly lit aisle. Now don't get me wrong: the harmonium is a serious instrument and composers of repute have written for it. But an organist's feet are trained to slide smoothly over a pedal board, effecting scales, runs, trills and other lively passages, not to galumph frenetically at a pair of bellows in an attempt to get the necessary wind up. In addition to which, attempting to accompany the massed voices of the English College on a harmonium is rather like attacking a Sherman Tank with a bread roll and a banana. Harmonia are to be avoided.

A particularly nasty specimen lives at Mater Dei; it is possessed of a spirited migrating instinct: in other words, as the frantic player pedals furiously to get some sort of noise out of the thing, it gradually runs away from him, stretching arms, legs and playing ability as it shuffles rapidly towards the sacristy. The only way of stopping it is to seat four weighty members of the College immediately in front of it, and hope that their combined *gravitas* will have a restraining influence on its peregrinations. . . .

The principal defect of the harmonium, however, and especially where the College is concerned, is that *they can all see you*. As you struggle, red-faced and cursing, to pump the pedals and simultaneously fumble your fingers over the sluggish keys, you know that you are a figure of fun, a source of amusement and more than faintly ridiculous. No organist likes this: his idea of a good time is aweing his listeners with a wash of glorious sound, controlling vast orchestral forces from the splendid isolation of his eyrie, weaving complex tapestries of fugue and passacaglia around his silent adorers . . . not pumping and squeezing a small box that sounds like an array of adenoidal corncrakes singing out of tune. . . .

After an experience like this, the College organist is happy to return to the hidden comfort of the tribune, where no one can see his panic as 'Hymns Old and New' falls off the music desk, or his horror as the page-turner flicks from page 86 to page 93, or his fear as he realises he's forgotten which of the nineteen verses of the hymn we're up to. . . .

Not surprisingly the College organist can feel at times that his lot is the proverbial not happy one — he fights against almost everything: his congregation, his instrument, the music he has to play, the music he would like to be able to play. He is a figure of strange whims and fancies, never seen, lurking in a higher darkness, inflicting himself on the innocents below, disturbing those above with his arcane practices, an unsympathetic, shy animal, misunderstood, shunned and viewed with suspicion by his comrades. But despite all this, simple happiness can be the organist's lot: there is one fundamental aspect of playing the organ which outweighs all the difficulties: at that glorious moment, the final verse of the hymn, alone in the tribune, *you are much louder than all your critics*. So pull the stops out, my son, and make the windows rattle!

James Manock

Farewell Pat Kilgarriff

Little did Pat Kilgarriff know, as he preached that memorable retreat at Palazzola in October 1984, that he was talking himself into a job. As the years of parish mission experience in the CMS were called upon to illuminate the themes of spirituality, Jack Kennedy, the Rector at the time, all but signed him up on the spot. He actually took up office as spiritual director a year later. Seven years and a generation of students on, we are saying farewell to the man who fulfilled all the expectations.



In the popular student imagination, the image of Pat would have him half way up a mountain, clinging to the sheer face of a piece of rock with little more than fresh air below him, saying “Now the next bit is really good fun!” He has the *alpinista*’s understated turn of phrase off to a fine art. I have been up a few mountains with Pat and I know that when he describes a mountain path as following “a fine ridge” you are planning to traverse something resembling a knife edge. If he ever describes a mountain walk to you as “interesting”, don’t go! I exaggerate only a little.

I have often wondered whether he operates as a spiritual director in the same way he operates as a mountain guide. Following Pat's step by step instructions I have made my way along paths which I would never have taken alone. We spiritual and altitudinal cowards need encouragement. Pat has supplied it.

The most obvious testimony to Pat's genius as a spiritual director is simply the number of students who go to him for direction. In a system that allows students, after their first year, to choose a director from an approved list, the majority remain with Pat. This is testimony both to his ability as a director and to his hard work. We staff members too have been blessed by Pat's presence, not only as a good friend, but also as someone who has constantly brought us back to evangelical values in our decision making.

Pat's spiritual conferences will be remembered for their cultural and historical erudition. Few speakers would have the knowledge and the imagination to tackle the theme of jealousy from the diaries of Samuel Pepys. Few would have the sensitivity to deal with the delicate theme of particular friendship using the writings of Bede Jarrett to raise important questions in an unthreatening way. Few would have the courage to speak on celibacy drawing on personal experience.

The College owes a lot to Pat and we hereby acknowledge that debt and thank him for his generosity.

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Obituary:

Pat Yates

“When to the sessions of sweet silent thought
I summon up remembrance of things past . . .
Then can I drown an eye, unused to flow,
For precious friends hid in death’s dateless night.”

Pat Yates was greatly loved by her students for the energy and insight of her work, for the detailed care she took to develop the quality and range of each voice. Pat taught how to rid the voice of restraint and affectation and to communicate the truth of the spoken Gospel. I am sure that Pat appreciated the irony: she never found the Church (priests in particular) easy, but I have no doubt that she made the deepest impression on my priesthood — whenever I read, whenever I preach, whenever I say Mass, I am aware of Pat’s presence, encouraging, challenging (“No! Why did you stress *the* and not *God* in that prayer? Do you believe in *the*?”) and above all, when the breath and the sound and the sense are produced in perfect balance, rejoicing.

Pat loved words — and she demonstrated in herself that words “are charged with love, are charged with God, and if we know how to touch them, give off sparks and take fire, yield drops and flow, ring and tell of him.” Pat was not only my teacher but a dear friend. Her death touches me close: I miss her very much. . . .

“You do look, my son, in a mov’d sort,
As if you were dismay’d: be cheerful, sir.
Our revels now are ended. These our actors,
As I foretold you, were all spirits, and
Are melted into air, into thin air:
 We are such stuff
As dreams are made on; and our little life
Is rounded with a sleep.”

Tim Swinglehurst

College Diary 1991-92

April 1991

8th: Seconds out — round two! The boredom of holidays over, and lectures begin again.

15th: Fresh from the buzz of parish life, the former National Young Christian Workers Chaplain, Fr. John Marsland (Salford), arrives as Pastoral Director in the College. His own form of pastoral communications had been through music. Having been a guitarist with *The Burnley Cloggers* folk band, he comes complete with 12-string guitar to liven up the dull Roman evenings.

May 1991

16th: The only secret that Fr. Michael Gilmore and Martin Stempczyk have in common — the destination of this year's Nuns' Gita. It turns out to be Gaeta, on a slightly less than beautiful day.

23rd: Philip Whitmore directs the College Schola in a concert of English paraliturgical music, at Sant' Eustachio Church near the Pantheon.

26th: Trinity Sunday — the first as Vice-Rector for Fr. Michael Gilmore.

Kevin Haggerty is Ordained to the Presbyterate at St. Peter's.

As the Feast of St. Philip Neri falls on Trinity Sunday this year, the annual College appointment at the Chiesa Nuova is demoted.

29th: Fr. Kevin Haggerty stirs up the troops and calls us all to order for the occasion of his first Mass with the College community.

June 1991

3rd: Condensation begins to appear on the library windows. Is the belated summer beginning, or have the students just realised that the exams are a week away?

20th: Mgr. Kennedy bids farewell to some of his friends in Rome at a reception in the College garden. Guests include Curia Cardinals Gantin and Cassidy, and the British Ambassador to the Holy See.

Philip Whitmore's doctoral thesis is converted into an Oxford University Press publication, entitled *Unpremeditated Art*.

21st: Fr. Adrian Towers leaves for the airport — four hours before his flight is due to go!

25th: The VEC circus takes to the road again as the residents of the Via Monserrato move house, bound for the Via dei Laghi.

29th: Uncharacteristically bored with the *Villeggiatura*, Tweedle-dum and Tweedle-dee (Revv. Alan Sheridan and Stephen Shield) find a way to pass the time. Their Irish roots begin to show as they deacon for the Papal Mass at which Cahal Daly is made a Cardinal.

July 1991

4th: Fr. Kevin Haggerty leads the trek up Tusculum.

7th: Candidacy is conferred upon Andrew Brookes, Peter Clarke, Philip Denton, Paul Grogan, Martin Hardy, Tim Hopkins, David McCormack, Jean-Laurent Marie, William Massie, Simon Thomson, David Barrett and Michael Koppel.

Top Year Tea. The College wishes its leavers, Revv. Byrne, Edwards, Esdaile, Haggerty, Sheridan and Shield, a blessed and fulfilled ministry in their respective parts of the country.

8th: We are led in recollection by Fr. Michael Paul Gallagher S.J.

9th: Farewell Supper for Mgr. Jack Kennedy. The students and staff of the College, and the staff of Palazzola, salute the Southport-bound Rahnerian who has always been a great admirer of the Villa and its work. Nick Kern and James Manock sing a musical tribute, whilst Fr. Michael Gilmore, Fr. Tony Grimshaw, Martin Stempczyk and Sr. Madeleine express the gratitude and affection of those they represent.

Mgr. Kennedy sports a smock-type garment that Demis Rousoss would have been proud of in the 70s.

10th: North v South Cricket match. Undaunted by Wicketkeeper Toffolo, 'casing the joint' before his arrival in September, Batsman Kennedy leads the Northerners to their annual triumph.

11th: Lectorate Mass. Recipients of the ministry are Bruce Burbidge, Paul Connelly, Andrew Doherty, George Gorecki, Mark Harold, Andrew Headon, Timothy Menezes, John Pardo, Michael Wheaton and John Wilson.

12th: The newly instituted Acolytes are David Barrett, Stephen Brown, Kevin Dring, Eddy Jarosz, Michael Koppel, Michael Robertson, Dominic Rolls and Philip Whitmore.

14th: The high-point of the College year arrives, as we celebrate the Diaconate Ordinations of Stephen Boyle, John Cahill, Paul Cuff, John O'Leary, Paul Shaw and Martin Stempczyk. Bishop Cyril Restieaux confers the sacrament of Ordination on the students.

Stephen Boyle reveals that the task of giving the after-dinner speech falls to him after his name is pulled out of the biretta! He gracefully bows out to serve as a Deacon in the Archdiocese of Southwark.

As the sun beats down upon Palazzola, Mgr. Kennedy makes a quiet departure; the students prepare for the pilgrimage to Ciampino, and so another chapter closes. . . .

October 1991

We return to find that our beloved Suor Pia, head of our Elizabettine Sisters and personale, has taken up a new appointment working with the terminally ill at one of the Order's hospices in Florence. To a woman of deep, sincere sanctity, our heartfelt gratitude and prayers. She will always abide in our hearts and memories. And so we

welcome back an old friend as her replacement, a lady with fixity of purpose but one who also has the most endearing penchant for fun — Suor Renata, here for a second stint!



“Farewell, dear Pia”

4th: The new year begins with a new Rector (Fr. Adrian Toffolo from Plymouth) and new students — Neil Bromilow, Eddie Clare, Stephen Dingley, Joe Jordan, Gregory Knowles, Jonathan Leach, Hugh MacKenzie, Hugh Pollock, Simon Tierney, and Nick Tucker; Ross Collins and Michael Everitt (Anglican Exchange); Tim Redmond (Kiltegan Fathers); Arthur Roche and John Conneely are post-graduate priests.

5th: This year’s College Retreat is directed by Cardinal Hume. Themes drawn from the Cardinal’s own experience as monk, priest, and bishop include the Role of the Priest, and the Role of the Church today, in the light of the Teaching of the Second Vatican Council.

First Morning Prayer of the new College Year. Cantor Mark Harold prefers his slumber. Start as you mean to go on, Harry!

At lunch, Simon Madden chokes violently. 65 people offer a friendly pat on the back. Luckily, Doctor Dring gets there first!

6th: Back in Rome, the Pope celebrates Mass for the 600th anniversary of the death of St. Brigid of Sweden, in the Piazza Farnese. The new students serve for him.

At the Villa, the evening activity of the retreat is Prayer Groups. Replying to disparaging comments about this, Tim Hopkins said, "I quite like prayer groups. It's the only time in the week when I shut up!"

8th: On the subject of celibacy and falling in love, the Cardinal divulges that, ". . . there is a woman who is, at present, passionately in love with me . . . it's not me — it's the office: She was passionately in love with Cardinal Heenan too!"

9th: The College community is saddened to hear of the deaths of Francis O'Leary (brother of John), and Pat Yates. We celebrate a Requiem Mass in their memory. *Requiescant in Pace.*

10th: St. Ignazio is the venue for this year's Greg. Mass for the beginning of the Academic Year.

11th: The Greg. opens its doors once again. A new experience for the philosophy students, a bad memory for the theologians, and smug grins from those in Second Cycle who prepare to be treated like adults for the first time.

13th: The Rector addresses the first House Meeting of the year — in the Refectory (due to Common Room refurbishments). The S.S. having asked the Rector to be affirming, is told in front of the House, "Martin . . . you have a lovely smile!"

At the same meeting, the Rector expresses his intention that nothing will change. . . .

16th: The College bids a fond farewell to Sisters Carmel and Philomena. We thank them for all their love, prayer, and friendship. On behalf of them both, Carmel shares her feelings on how much she has enjoyed working with "all these men . . . and the students!"

23rd: First Year Party. A series of perceptive and hilarious digs at staff and students alike. The party is graced by the Seminary Spy on the Bishop's Conference. However, Bishop Konstant joins in sportingly.

Fr. Toffolo is reminded of 3 a.m. stirrings in the cortile!

25th: Papal Academic Mass at St. Peter's. The VEC provides a group of singers. To our distress — so does the Capranica!

November 1991

2nd: 'Neil and Johnt invite you to a Technicolor Dreamcoat Party' read the invitations. Bickerings are heard, at the suspicion that some students are planning to allow youthful enjoyment into the life of the College.

5th: We joyfully acknowledge the announcement of the new Auxiliary Bishop of Westminster — Vincent Nichols — a former student of the VEC. *Ad multos annos!*

6th: Fr. Tony Grimshaw presides at Community Mass. Together with members of his year, Fr. Tony celebrates 30 years of priesthood. Gregory Knowles finds it all a bit tiresome-zzzz.

9th: Hot on the heels of one Bishop-elect, the community prepares for another announcement as a parcel for Mark Hackeson arrives, marked *Silk Underwear (Episcopal)*!

13th: In an uncharacteristic break from their 'round-the-clock' conferences, the Vocations Directors of England and Wales join us for lunch. It is purely co-incidental that they manage to attract the largest number of participants ever. How about Tenerife next year?

15th: Fr. Toffolo delivers his first Rector's talk since arriving. An insight into his past! After telling us about his life over the last four decades, he concludes . . . *and it's up to [the students] to help me write the next decade . . . !*

17th: Paul Connelly tells a House Meeting of his difficulty in coping with answer machines. Requesting assistance he said, "If you've ever tried talking to one of those things, you should try talking to one in Italian!"

19th: Philip Whitmore opens a new series of *FORUM* — informal Sunday evening talks, enlightening us on the subject of *What is a Cadenza?* Clarinet accompaniment by Primadonna (Fr. Michael Brown).

23rd: After a year in which the College has been hit by the fever of Maltfriscan music, one of its heroes (an ex-Roman) Mark Crisp is ordained a Priest for the Archdiocese of Birmingham.

24th: The Rector gives advance notice of the arrival of the governing body of the College — the "Little Bishops' Committee".

He outlines the *Marsland Principle*, named after the Pastoral Director: not too much, not too often, not too late. Once applied to prayer and work, this makes for a wonderful social life.

The Second *FORUM* talk is postponed. Billed as "Walks in the Punjab Hills", Mark Brentnall has to settle for 'Delhi Belly on the Council Estate' (the 44 Corridor)!

27th: CUCU — the College Charity Auction. This year's money-grabbing gimmick is devised by Simon Tierney, in the form of a Lateral-Thinking Quiz. Never before have so many brain cells been actively used at a Greg. lecture! Simon Thomson didn't have time to catch his breath running between rooms with each new answer. The quiz raised 700,000 lire for a good cause. As for Tierney he can G and get S!

30th: Martyrs' Day. Fr. Rector presides at Mass, and preaches on the College's links with the Jesuits, and the progressive thinking of the Martyrs.

The coincidence of Martyrs' Day clashing with St. Andrew's Day sees Ross Collins sporting a new checked tea towel around his waist (or is it a kilt?).

We are eminently graced by the presence of Cardinal Hume and Archbishops Couve de Murville and Worlock (European Synod Fathers), as well as Bishops Brewer, Mullins and O'Brien (Little Bishops' Committee!). We also welcome the new British Ambassador to the Holy See and his wife, His Excellency and Mrs. Andrew Palmer.

In the Rector's luncheon speech, he comments on his Jesuit-based sermon. In welcoming the Jesuits present, he brought to mind the continuing Jesuit links with the College. After a ripple of laughter from his audience, the Rector shrieked, "I'm not saying the Gregorian's a joke!"

December 1991

1st: Cardinal Hume presides at Sunday Mass and poses the question that we must all ask ourselves as Advent begins, "Who do you say that I am?"

3rd: The next member of the Synod party — Archbishop Worlock leads our 7 a.m. Community Mass.

6th: "Don't dazzle — dip your jumper" scream the students, as Tim Hopkins is mistaken for a walking Christmas decoration.

Over supper, on the subject of eating, the Rector proclaims to Tim Hopkins, "You are my biggest challenge Tim."

Cardinal Hume arrives back from supper at 11.20 p.m., leading the students astray!

The Rector experiments with the idea of reading at lunch. By the noise level during the reading, the students seem to vote with their cutlery!

12th: 'Holly Cam' at the Villa. Second year philosophers Paul Leonard and Simon Madden collect holly and then sing in honour of the Vice-Rector. By popular demand, Paul sings us another.



Rev. Swinglehurst and Ruscillo show us that Scripture at the Greg can be fun!

13th: 'Chi canta oggi? Collegio Inglese!' The English get the Greg. carol season underway. Frs. Ruscillo and Swinglehurst show what typically English people do with Beefeater suits and handbells!

21st: The College joins in spirit with John McLoughlin, as he is ordained to the Priesthood in England. He shall return to start his 94th year in seminary in January!

'Snow White and the Seven Dwarfs' is this year's performance. Written and directed by Simon Madden, Bruce Burbidge and James Manock, the lead part of a 'Jolly hockeysticks' Snow White does not require a lot of acting from Hugh (Snow White and the Seven Transcendental Thomists) MacKenzie. Michael L'Estrange is a depressed Christmas Tree!



Trwyn and Brian, the Chancellor's henchmen

25th: For the first time in living memory, the students cook the entire Christmas meal. Well done to Tim Hopkins, Mark Hackeson et al. This year's international touch is Armenian stuffing.

A little more respectably dressed than his predecessor "Buttons" Madden, Bambino Jonathan Leach entertains the rude and scoffing multitude with the Boars Head Carol. Could this be the last time this ever happens. . . . ?

At the Rector's party the Palazzola Sisters perform a little sketch. Paul Shaw is the Schoolmaster — but he does an act as well! What event could be complete without the sack of shpuds, Guinness-swilling Irish singalong with Hardy and Dring?

27th: Homeward and holiday-bound students depart, leaving the first years and others to spend a happy and relaxed Christmas in the atmosphere of the Eternal City!

29th: In time-honoured tradition, St. Thomas's Day is celebrated by those in the College.

31st: New Year's Eve is helped along by a lot of the College guests cooking supper. We see in the New Year (twice!) with the traditional Spumante and Sparklers. Kevin Dring's mouth-organ provides some seedy music as dawn breaks on 1992!

January 1992

7th: The Greg. opens for business after the Christmas recess.

8th: A priest in the House suffers from a spelling error in his Diocesan directory. The victim in question is James MANCOCK!

9th: Kevin Dring receives some Spanish Energy Massage Balls for Christmas!

10th: At a student meeting to discuss timetable changes, Tony Milner claims that he cannot walk back from the Greg. in 20 minutes for a 12.35 p.m. Mass. A few days later the Rector said "In that case, I'll have to make sure that you all leave the College well before 8.10 a.m. to get *there* on time!"

11th: Why is Michael Brown smiling? No he's not just won the Gammarelli 'A Cassock a year for life' competition. He has learned that Dom. Michael Ambrose Griffiths has been appointed as his new Bishop in Hexham and Newcastle.

14th: At the prospect of the Rector's reaction to students' proposals, Mark Brentnall asks the Rector for a Club Class 'plane ticket.

16th: After many students had seen *The Silence of the Lambs* at the Pasquino, Kevin Dring said that he was glad not to have to return to an empty house on his own afterwards. Hugh MacKenzie replied, "Yes, I was glad to have someone next to me at times last night!"

18th: Evening — The Rector celebrates the Mass of the Dedication of the College Church.

19th: Week of Prayer for Christian Unity begins. Every evening at Vespers, there is a representative of one of the Christian Churches.

22nd: Mgr. Kevin MacDonald presides and preaches at a Mass for Christian Unity.

An historic move as students go to the Villa after Mass to make the most of the 'day-off'.

24th: Mgr. Vincent Nichols is ordained to the Episcopate by Cardinal Hume, in Westminster Cathedral.

27th: Exams begin. A peace descends upon the College.

28th: Testing the general knowledge of those at lunch, Paul Shaw asks Hugh MacKenzie if he had heard of Freddie Mercury before he died. Hugh replied, "When did he die, . . . has he died?"

February 1992

3rd: Before the horror stories about Fr. Fisichella's exam even have a chance, that nice little pussy cat, Sr. Bosetti, gets her claws out!

4th: The Rector appears to be handing the students an offer, too good to refuse — (On the noticeboard) —

If anyone wishes to leave the College on gita before the official date of exams finishing, please make arrangements to go away with the Vice-Rector.

12th: Under the captaincy of J. P. Leonard, and the supervision of Fr. Tony Grimshaw, the College football team makes a tour of Milan. One student commented, "Surely the fact that you're only going to *one* place makes it less a tour, and more a VISIT!"

17th: Back to school.

21st: The new Senior Student is Philip Whitmore. He tells the House that he wishes to have his 'finger on the pulse . . . and all that!'

New House Jobs are despatched. Another VEC tradition is shattered. Following the previous idea that no-one receives a job that they're really rooting for, we are shocked to see Mark Harold made Greg. delegate!

22nd: Kevin Dring is elected as everybody's favourite, 'really nice' Deputy Senior Student.

26th: Fr. Fisichella passes everyone in 1st Theology. However, Elberti (an Italian Jesuit) gives a ridiculous set of marks. 400 years of suspicion are finally confirmed when Jared Wicks (Dean of Theology) admits, "This is bringing the faculty, and the University, into disrepute."

March 1992

7th: Philip Whitmore shows what he is made of. His regime gets underway with the instruction: *House Meeting — 6.40 p.m. Please inform the S.S. if you would like to speak. . . .*

15th: The College football team suffers its first defeat in 18 months . . . against the Legionaries of Christ. Bishop Vin Nichols is in attendance.

17th: The *Ad limina* Bishops from the provinces of Westminster, Birmingham and Southwark join us for supper.

19th: Michael L'Estrange makes VEC history by questioning a price given in Anna's Bar. Anna makes history herself, by refunding what she overcharged!

20th: Philip Whitmore speaking about his part in the Lent Play (or is it about his role as Senior Student?) says to Martin Boland, "By the way, I haven't got a pedestal yet."



The Southern Bishops' Ad Limina visit

21st: 'CRISIS – CRISIS – CRISIS' — the football team loses its 18-month crown in style. Their second defeat in one week is against the Swiss Guards.

24th: Fr. Tim Swinglehurst, discussing his costume for the Play, says, "My instinct is to trousers".

25th: We celebrate the Solemnity of the Annunciation, with Archbishop Worlock, and the Bishops of the northern province who near the end of their *Ad limina* visit. At supper, Kevin Dring (DSS) arranges the desserts for the Diocesan tables. He said to a Leeds student, "The big tart's yours!" A good-humoured North-South battle ensues.

Archbishop Worlock announces the elevation of Adrian Toffolo to the position of Monsignor.

April 1992

3rd: It is announced that Fr. Pat Kilgarriff will leave the College at the end of the year. Returning to his Diocese, he is to become the Parish Priest of St. Osburg's Parish in Coventry. We are also informed that our *new* Spiritual Director from September is in the room with us — Fr. Arthur Roche from Leeds who is currently studying Spirituality at the Greg.

8th: Name that tune. We do wish that organist Stephen Dingley could leave his 'Hooked on Magnificats' medley until a time when we're not actually trying to sing one.

9th: There is an all-night vigil in the College. In somewhat religious and sombre tones, the faithful look on despairingly.



The Pierrots' Chorus Line



The Boys on the Front Line



The Nations display their military might

Television coverage of the emerging outcome of the General Election, does not seem to indicate as close a battle as the polls had predicted. Even Michael Wheaton does not dare raise more than a respectable 'Hurrah' as the Tories hold Exeter.

10th: After an impassioned campaign by the ragged ref. Joe Jordan, the student body votes to kick *The Times* into touch, replacing it with *The Telegraph*.

11th: At a First Reconciliation Service for some children who had been instructed in the College, Fr. John Marsland explained the relevance of the Zaccheus story: "Zaccheus had to climb up a tree; but we don't need a tree . . . we need a priest!"

13th: Day of Recollection. At Morning Prayer, Nick Tucker translates *Lord Sabaoth, who probe the loins and heart*, into Southwark dialect: "Lord Sabbath, who probe the LIONS and heart."

16th: Much heartache is felt by the Sacristans before the Mass of the Lord's Supper. After many hours of polishing and cleaning in preparation for the Triduum, a mystery person removes a candlestick from the Sacristy. It is back in the Sacristy as Mass ends. Who did it? A film is to be made investigating the incident; possible title — "*Confessions of a Spiritual Director-to-be.*"

18th: This year's ecologically-aware Sacristans create an ozone-friendly Easter Vigil fire. No smoke, no fumes, not a flame in sight! Anyone got a lighter?

During our celebration, Mark Hackeson's parents are received into full communion with the Catholic Church.

19th: '*Haec dies quem fecit Dominus*'. Mark Miles conducts the Schola (and willing extras) through three pieces of music for the Papal Mass in St. Peter's Square. On one of the hottest days of the year, the present diarist throws his pen into the College pond and ceremoniously hands on the honour of monitoring College life for the next year. . . .

Leavers' Notes

Michael Brown

Having been trained at Ushaw, and initiated into the rigours of parish life in the Diocese of Hexham and Newcastle, Michael joined the College in 1990 to undertake a Licence in Canon Law at the Gregorian University. This was, of course, in the good old days when Greg. Canon Law was taught in a proper, dead language.

Initially diffident, Fr. Brown soon began to distinguish the rights and wrongs (especially the rights) of College etiquette. His rigorous dedication to study was softened somewhat by his musical expertise: with his trusty clarinet he has been a hit in a Lent play ('The Servant of Two Masters'), numerous lunchtime concerts, and even (though he probably would want this kept quiet) the liturgy.

The end of 1991 was brightened by his assistance at the Special Assembly of the Synod of Bishops for Europe, as a secretary; even that's not like it used to be, as he found out when he was told to become computer literate in twenty-four hours. . . . He also managed to complete a tesina entitled "Canonical Reflections on the use of the 1962 Missal."

However, in 1992, as even Greg. Canon Law moves into a living European language, Michael feels the call to return to the land of the Prince-Bishops, to join Michael McCoy in spreading the good news of the '83 Code.

John Cahill

The man who rose from Electrician to Choir Master. Arriving here in 1985 to train for Nottingham, John was little aware of the dizzy heights to which he would rise. He passed through a number of House Jobs: Common Room Man, Assistant Guest Master, Electrician, Assistant Choir Master, and Choir Master. All of these he performed with a sharp-witted placidity. While he was Choir Master, College music was characterised by precision, a lack of bawling and serenity.

On the football pitch it was all very different. John was a transformed man. His enjoyment of the game and his passion for a College victory helped the recognition of his natural talent for football. In fact, he remains one of the better players in the College team. It need hardly be said that his voice as well as his legs engaged in hardy activity and exercise in any game.

Off the football field, John has thrown himself into diligent service of the community in many ways. He has controlled the stage lights for most of the plays and pantomimes in his time here, a task hardly relished by anyone. Perhaps most people would note his singing voice in particular: by all it is acknowledged to be very beautiful and so has been in demand fairly often in the Schola and for individual pieces for the liturgy. This year's Easter Services were clearly enhanced by his crystal-clear rendering of the Passion for Good Friday and of the "Exultet" during the Easter Vigil. He has been a solid supporter to the College's pastoral work at the Little Sisters of the Poor over the years and as Deacon has been foremost in organising it and keeping it going. Finally he founded a group for the practice and singing of Gregorian chant which has progressed under his guidance to a better knowledge and deeper love of this precious gift of the Roman Rite.

Yet his tastes in music vary considerably. With great eagerness he took part in the recent rock music performance at one of the Sunday DBL concerts and was changed beyond all recognition. He became a figure behind the drums beating and striking skilfully and dramatically, though a certain wildness pervaded the scene, such that he earned the name "Killer Cahill". This was the unveiling of another, till now unseen side to John's character!

In all his study John has shown great aptitude, clarity of thought and perseverance. He gained a PhB and STB, and has just completed his Licence in Dogmatic Theology. Furthermore he has been an ardent student at the Reginald Foster "Latin Experiences" over the last seven years, joining a growing society of "Reggie-philes" and joins with all of them giving a good impersonation of the great magister! Floriat!

Kevin Dunn

DUNN'S WORLD

If desired, can be put to the lilting Reggae rhythm of 'Wild World' by Cat Stevens.

Chords — Am D7 G
 C F
 Dm E E7
 Am D7 G
 C F
 Dm E7 G G7

C G F
 G C
 C G F
 G F C Dm E7 Am

1. Up to Rome the Eternal City he came,
 Walking in like John Wayne,
 From behind he looked kind o' the same as the old Rector.
 From the streets of Handsworth moved,
 On the orders of Bishop Couve,
 An understanding of Canon Law to prove.

He said, "Lads the Canon is crucial,
 The law's an expression of the Almighty's will.
 Yes lads the subject is crucial,
 A broken world with the love of God to make new."

2. Sent along to the Angelicum,
 Didn't sound like a bundle of fun,
 A far cry from the Caribbean — Rastafari man!
 Could be found scrounging a fag for a smoke,
 Boasting again about Stoke,
 Used to think it a bit of a joke, but God he was boring.

"You know Stoke is the hub of the known world,
 Discover its beauty and you've found a precious pearl.
 Yes Stoke is the hub of the known world". —
 There's no doubt about it, he lived in his own world.

3. Tried to instil a feeling of guilt,
Said Mass with a meaningful lilt,
Let out notches of his belt, one for each year here.
Boss of the soccer team only in name,
Just managed to get to one game,
But his plan was always the same, in the Blue Room we heard it.

“Now lads, the By-Line is crucial,
If you don’t get that cross in your tally of goals will be nil.
Gotta get that ball to the By-Line,” —

The man was a pain, College without him will be fine.

Repeat and then fade out.
(Just like his memory!)

Franco Gismano

Mgr. Toffolo will not have anybody with whom he can swap stories about his beloved Friuli following the departure of Franco Gismano. Franco leaves the College after five years, a confirmed Anglophile (we feel sure), a fluent English speaker, but completely unanglicised: he once said that the longer he spent among us the gladder he was that he was Italian. He will probably teach moral theology at the regional seminary in Udine and work with young people in his home diocese of Gorizia.

The reason why Franco has been at the College for so long is that he has studied for both a Licence and a Doctorate in Moral Theology at the Gregorian University during his time in Rome. His Doctorate, which he is just about to complete, is entitled, “The ethics of virtue: analysis of a debate in the light of the thought of Alistair MacIntyre”. The further he progressed in his studies the harder he seemed to work, until last year, while he was writing his thesis, he became virtually inseparable from his word-processor, emerging for meals wide-eyed from the glare of the screen. He has already displayed his skill as a teacher: he conducted a revision session for students studying moral theology in the first cycle.

Franco’s sporting career is non-existent and his theatrical career inglorious: it consisted of one walk-on pantomime part as the Count of Gorizia. He has always been generous in translating difficult Italian documents for other students and has welcomed many people from the College to his family home in Monfalcone. While in Rome he has ministered informally to the Elizabettine Sisters. The thing which has impressed him about the College, he says, is that the students are “serious”, about God first of all, but also about performing the most mundane of House Jobs.

John McLoughlin

If anyone, in this Age of Enlightenment, should wish to advocate a more effective form of Priestly training than the Seminary system, they will have to get rid of John McLoughlin first.

Of his twenty-eight years to date, exactly half have been spent ‘in the system’ — beginning at Upholland in 1976 and moving to All Hallows, Dublin in 1982, where he obtained a Philosophy Diploma and an S.T.B.

Having gained so much valuable experience, John wished to share some of his skills with the world. He did this by teaching Religion, P.E., and Needlework, among other disciplines, at Gray's Convent School in Essex.

As he entered the home straight to Ordination, he came to the English College to study for a Licentiate in Liturgy at St. Anselmo. His thesis was on "The Understanding of *Anamnesis* in the ARCIC Eucharistic Statement (Windsor 1971)", and it earned him a thoroughly deserved MAGNA.

John's musical leaning made him a worthy Choirmaster at All Hallows, and set the English College alight as he crooned his way through an unaccompanied Invitatory psalm at Morning Prayer (once!). Since then we have been treated to other musical delights, both sung and written.

We celebrated John's Diaconate Ordination in Rome in March 1991. His elevation to the Presbyterate took place in his Archdiocese.

As we prepare for John's departure, we simply hope that no well-dressed people in the Archdiocese of Liverpool will mind being outdone when he dons his Ordination vestments!

James Manock

James Manock came to the College in 1984. At that time he was 18 and fresh from St. Bede's in Manchester. He was very tall and very young. He found out that being a *bambino* is generally a dubious honour. However, he soon became familiar with the College history (he worked in the archives) and became an accomplished guide. He also wrote a useful information sheet for students to use when showing people round. He delights in classical and Christian Rome and is given to translating Latin inscriptions. Latterly he became the best guide to the Forum with a gift for bringing the ancient site to life. James' Forum tour always collects people on the way round.

He used to be the kind of person for whom accidents lay in wait. Once, not noticing the top had already been taken off the top of a ketchup bottle, he vigorously shook it and managed to cover nearly everyone on the table with tomato sauce, except himself. This phase happily passed and he began to attack the poor organ. James' music is always loud and fast. He has a particular fondness for the merry-go-round marches of the Reverend Frederick Scotson Clark. His singing voice is strong and true. In Church he often rescues a falling melody or pushes it along single-handed. He has been a valued member of the *Schola* for many years.

He has acted in much College drama, generally playing the bungling evil genius. These include the wicked Prime Minister in *Cinderella* and Field Marshal Haigh in *Oh! What a Lovely War!* These roles belie his kindness.

For the past three years he has been studying Liturgy at Sant' Anselmo. Texts and sources delight him, yet he is no liturgical archaeologist. He looks forward to using his expertise in pastoral work in the Diocese of Salford.

John O'Leary

John O'Leary came to the English College after two years of careful formation in a better part of Chelsea. In this "other place" he had pursued his studies with such

ferocity that he was ever the envy of his brothers, especially for the way he raised the procuring of Course Dispensations at the Greg. to the level of an art form. He further confounded us, his brothers, with his love of philosophy, which finally grew into a Philosophy Licence, spawning a Tesina on the subject of "The Person" in Philosophy.

John has lived up to every Rector's ideal of a useful member of the community. On stage (and off) he has personified such rôles as Demetrius in "A Midsummer Night's Dream", an uncouth Italian workman, and the Rt. Hon. Margaret Thatcher. He also captained the College football team for a season.

In that crucible of community life, the Refectory, and in all its koinonia, John has displayed a Chestertonian relish for polemic, capable of being ignited at a moment's notice, and always preceded by a lick of the lips and a "Well, actually . . ." For those of us lesser mortals who have not been fortunate enough to attend the Chelsea Institute for Theology and Philosophy, competition has been impossible.

We wish John well for his return to the Diocese of Westminster, his family home at Ruislip and its famous Basilica, the spiritual heart of the Diocese. We know how much John's roots will always be both here in Rome and with his family in Middlesex, and we remember especially with affection John's brother, Francis, who was such an important influence on John's journey towards priesthood.

For all that lies ahead, we wish John and his family many blessings.

Luiz Ruscillo

"I came. I saw. I stayed a long time. I went." Luiz's own words. Do they effectively sum up his mammoth sojourn at the College?

Luiz arrived here in 1983 with a dream ticket: eighteen (so he was bound to stay here longer than most), from Lancaster Diocese, and football mad. What for others was simply chasing some air-filled leather was for Ruscillo a meaning-filled experience: indeed, in any football match he soon became renowned for his ability to get his teeth/feet/fists into any challenge. The football team will be sad to lose such an energetic pivot in its weekly pirouettes around the football pitches of the Eternal City.

Can anything else be added? Much more. Luiz, after having completed a PhB and STB, has undertaken a Licence in Scripture at the Biblicum, where he has manifested two important notes to his character: a flair for languages and an ability to persevere through toilsome and at times uninteresting (pace, Scripture Scholars) study. Luiz's talent for working with generous application and stamina has been seen by everyone: in his House Jobs (Deputy Guest Master, Sacristan, Common Room Man, M.C., Vicariate Delegate), in his helping out with the dishes each evening in the kitchen, his dedication to the Brigettes — and, now that he is a priest, his frequent excursions at a very early hour (the author lives close enough to Luiz to be painfully aware of how early and how frequent) to celebrate Mass for the Missionaries of Charity. All of these things were so evident that he was elected Deputy Senior Student and was a very popular choice: he was efficient, if not calmly (Luiz calm?) certainly buoyantly so, and maintained a rapport with the Elizabettine Sisters and Italian women working in the kitchen which was an example of good working relations. Here, his versatility with languages was of great use and his

excellent Italian continues to be useful in his extensive pastoral work (football and catechesis in the local parish to name a few hitherto unmentioned) and Italian friendships. (His English has improved no end, too.) Certainly, in his pastoral work Luiz has been vigorously active and has been engaged in so much of it — probably much more than most of us.

Luiz's acting career has been wide and varied: from a football hooligan (was that acting?) to a whining flower, from a wide-eyed London orphan to a sad-eyed bride-to-be, and of course a legendary performance as Puck. He has been extremely active in College life and is known for his unflappability, cheery smile, loud (though not raucous) and infectious sense of humour, dependability, and consistency in principle and in action. "He played life as he played football, hard and uncompromising" — Luiz's own words again; not quite true, but here the humour is what comes through again and again.

Paul Shaw

Paul Shaw was sent to the College in 1986 to train for the Diocese of Shrewsbury and came as one of our more mature students, though I would not use "mature" in an all-embracing sense. Indeed, with Paul, age has never really mattered at all and as one encounters his boundless energy, fast-moving humour and proficient pace of work, one feels no need to even think about age. Even so, that hasn't stopped the nicknames!

Throughout six years, Paul has demonstrated a thorough-going commitment to his study. He has systematically produced a vast amount of notes for lectures in the first cycle, corresponding to about fifty per cent of the Philosophy and Theology courses — the voluminous "Paul Shaw Notes" have proved to be bulwark and salvation for many a student who faces unintelligible lectures or fast-approaching, damnatory exams. His Tesina for his Philosophy Licence has caused much comment but also much awe at its gargantuan length — what could it be about?

Paul's example of hard work has been in evidence since his arrival: he was Wax Sacristan, Greg. Delegate, Choir Master and Villa Man. In all of these there was a clear minded efficiency; as Choir Master, particularly, many felt that his reign marked a real end to the on-going "Music Mafia", a term rarely heard now in College life. Paul's voice was never famed for its musical range (for other ranges of noise, perhaps), yet once he was in action a fruitful year of music ensued for the College, with new pieces by students being added to our repertoire.

His musical talent was used with great effect in many plays and pantomimes. Indeed, he directed and helped to direct and arrange music for a few, notably, "Close the Coal House Door" and "Sweeney Todd". He will be remembered greatly for his choreographic talents, which were much used in nearly all the performances over these six years: being a perfectionist, there would be much sweat and blood to "get it right" but the result was a transformation of the Common Room stage into a Hollywood spectacular. All this prompted a visiting priest to ask him, "Er . . . tell me: did you once work with Frankie Howerd?"

In recognition of all this, Paul was elected by the House to be Deputy Senior Student and set his own mark on the job of efficiency, constant application and good relations with "the ladies in the kitchen". This culminated in a most welcome

initiative to let the ladies have Christmas Day off with their families and so have the students cook the lunch: the result was a great success and for this Paul has earned the gratitude of all.

Paul was ordained priest by Pope John Paul on 14th June. He will be recognised in England by the spluttering and jerking of a clapped-out yellow Lada.

Martin Stempczyk

Having sailed through Durham University with a degree in Natural Sciences, there was perhaps an excess of academic zeal in Martin in need of a higher testing. And so to Rome and the Greg. There he brightened up courses from Huber through to Manca (using a psychedelic selection of highlighter pens in revision notes) in order to proceed to the Alfonsianum and a Licence in Moral Theology.

Whilst it may not be a fact to boast of in his future ministry in the mining towns of Hexham and Newcastle Diocese, Martin's stage career reached a peak taking the part of Queen Hippolyta in *A Midsummer Night's Dream*. Later he realised that the only sure way of not being cast as a woman in VEC productions was to take the director's seat and he successfully co-directed and wrote the 1989 pantomime, *Aladdin*.

Martin was an Infirmarian, Guestmaster and Sacristan before pioneering a new service to the community as Blue Room Man and it was from this position that he was elected Senior Student in 1991. In the first few months of office he cut a high profile, wishing farewells on behalf of the student body to both Vice-Rector and Rector as well as *Ad Multos* to the Spiritual Director on 25 years of priesthood. To compensate for this he adopted a policy of brevity in House Meetings and will perhaps be remembered for the shortest ever opening prayer: Glory be to the Spirit. Amen.

‘Old’ and ‘Not-So-Old’ Romans

Just who are the ‘Old Romans’? Old enough to be holding our 123rd Annual General Meeting this summer, we are an Association of men who have studied and been ordained from the College. Founded in 1865, the Association is old but, in terms of College history, not so old. At the start of that year, 13 priests from the College met in Liverpool to discuss founding an association of students of the College. They were given encouragement by Cardinal Wiseman, after an earlier attempt had come to nothing when the Secretary died. The first General Meeting was held later the same January, in Birkenhead, after which the Secretary was asked to contact all who would be eligible for membership. More than 50 favourable answers were received. Wiseman became the first Patron, but one of the first events in the fledgling Association’s life was a Solemn Requiem for him the following month. With a second meeting, at Sedgley Park near Wolverhampton in July, attended by 30 priests, including the Vice-Rector of the College, the Association began in earnest.

The ‘founding fathers’ always intended to express in a practical way their love for the College and gratitude to it. They wanted to build it up by attracting the best students to it and supporting their studies. So those first members set about founding and funding scholarships for prospective students. A written examination was held of six areas: a passage from the Greek Fathers; a passage from the Latin Fathers; English History; Mathematics; the subject matter of the Gospels; and religious knowledge. The candidate judged successful in the first competition in 1866, was Samuel Allen. In later life this young Roman was to become the fourth Bishop of Shrewsbury, in 1897, and to be elected President of the Association that same year and again in 1903. Many others were awarded scholarships in similar ways over the succeeding years.

Unfortunately, funds in recent years have not been sufficient to meet the vastly increased cost of a Roman education. Students generally are supported by their dioceses. But it is still a cardinal aim of the Association to further the work of the College and its students. Each year, disbursements are made to men approaching ordination and to support projects such as summer courses. And nearly a decade ago a decision was taken to build up a more substantial fund through investment which might provide the basis for more liberal assistance in the future.

The Annual Meetings serve another purpose over and above dealing with the business of the Association. From the Beginning they were intended to help ‘keep up old College friendships.’ The minutes show members coming together at hotels up and down the land. In days of much slower transport we find them journeying to venues that even present-day members might consider far-flung. We find them in Preston and Penarth, in York and Exeter. Over the years the number attending has grown, and its length has been extended to make it more of a social occasion. To accommodate people at reasonable cost has restricted the range of meeting places. The grand-sounding venues of yesteryear, such as The Imperial Hotel, Great Malvern or The Regent Hotel, Matlock Bath — even if they still exist — have been replaced by the likes of Newman College and London Colney. An AGM today is

likely to see a selection of 80 or more of the 270 or so subscribing or life members. In addition, we also gather at Tyburn and other places to celebrate Martyrs' Day with a Mass and festal lunch. This is becoming more and more popular, with 136 'Old Romans' between four places last December.

Our members are often called 'old Romans', but you do not have to be a *very old* Roman to join. As Secretary I have been concerned that *young* Romans ensure that the Association has a vigorous future. I am glad that most of those who have been in the College in recent years have now become members — 26 new members were elected at the 1991 Meeting, and I expect that they will be joined by another 15 or more this year. My other concern has been that *older* Romans remember to subscribe and to keep up the value of their subscriptions. In this respect the Treasurer and I find ourselves in a long tradition which, if not dating back to the Martyrs, is certainly revealed by the Minutes to be shared with our Victorian predecessors. I am just the latest in a long line to urge the newly-ordained to join, and older members to cough up! Today's subscription is £15, far less in real terms than the ½ guinea paid by members in the last century. Any 'old' or 'not-so-old' Roman who would like to join the Association is welcome to contact me at St. John's Seminary, Wonersh, Guildford, Surrey, GU5 0QX.

We extend thanks and congratulations to our Jubilarians: Wilfred McConnell (Hexham & Newcastle), Terence Patrick McSweeney (Liverpool), David John Standley (Southwark), Canon Clyde Hughes Johnson (Menevia), Anthony John Cornish (Plymouth), Mgr. James Daniel McHugh (Birmingham), Francis Pullen (Shrewsbury) and Peter Nealon (Leeds), who celebrate their Silver Jubilees; and to Mgr. Joseph Leo Alston (Liverpool), John Bernard Keegan (O.C.D.) and Mgr. Thomas Hubert McDonagh (Leeds), who celebrate 50 years of priesthood. To you all, we wish '*Ad multos annos*'.

Tim Galligan

Friends of the Venerable

Our gatherings over the past year have enjoyed excellent attendances, demonstrating that the Friends are alive and well. The only disappointment is that, in spite of the efforts of many, our total membership continues to hover at a few short of 600. Perhaps, in these times of economic recession, we should be thankful that we have held on to our membership so well.

For our Annual Reunion in September 1991, we returned to the place of our birth — St. George's Cathedral, Southwark. Upwards of 60 members and guests attended, and we were delighted that Archbishop Bowen should have honoured the Friends with his presence throughout the day's proceedings. A special welcome was reserved for Mgr. Jack Kennedy who had just retired as Rector and who had agreed to represent the College to the Friends in the absence of the new Rector, recently arrived in Rome. Mgr. Kennedy told of all the changes which had taken place at the English College over the past year, and reflected on the many years he had spent in Rome, first as a student and later as Rector of the College, about a quarter of his life in all! Just to have lived in Rome, he said, had been a wonderful experience of history and permanence. His sorrow in leaving Rome was mitigated by the prospect of work in a parish in his beloved Lancashire.

After an excellent lunch the meeting resumed with a presentation on the theme of "Vocations to the Priesthood". Our speakers were Paul Grogan, a third-year student, and Fr. Philip Le Bas, a former student recently ordained to the priesthood. There then followed the business meeting, in the course of which tribute was paid to Mgr. Philip Holroyd and to Stephen Primavesi who had been Vice-Chairman and Honorary Treasurer respectively of the Friends since our foundation in 1985 and who were retiring from the Committee. In their place we were delighted to welcome as our new Vice-Chairman Fr. Timothy Galligan, Secretary of the Roman Association, and as our new Treasurer Hamish Keith, Chartered Accountant to the College. The Reunion closed on a high note with Mass in the Cathedral concelebrated by Archbishop Bowen, Mgr. Kennedy, and five other priests, all of them former students of the College.

The Southwark Reunion will also be remembered for the introduction of the new Friends' Tie (all-silk with a diagonal stripe in the Papal colours on a martyrs' red background), the first edition of which sold out completely at the meeting. Fresh stocks were duly ordered and a few of these are still available (priced at £12). For our lady members, a new Friends' brooch has been designed and will be available at this year's A.G.M. Both should feature strongly in Catholic circles for many years to come!

Early in March 1992, at the invitation of the new Rector Mgr. Adrian Toffolo's former parishioners, two members of our Committee Bernard Sullivan and Jo Barnacle travelled to Truro to give a presentation about the College and the Friends. Mass was followed by a showing of the Venerable Video, which proved just right for an occasion like this. Bernard Sullivan then gave an account of the history of the Friends and the ways in which we try to help the College. Jo Barnacle spoke about how she had come to join our Association and about her experiences of a visit to the

College. Nearly 30 attended the gathering, several new members were recruited and many more promised to join up. Our thanks to the people of St. Mary and St. Piran for arranging this event.

The Feast of St. Luke Kirby (6th June 1992), one of the earliest of the College Martyrs, was the occasion chosen for the second gathering of the London and South East Group of the Friends. This took place at Westminster Cathedral and was attended by over 70 members and guests, including more than a dozen children, whom we were delighted to see. The meeting started with Mass in St. Peter's Crypt, concelebrated by Bishop Vincent Nichols, Fr. John Arnold, Fr. Francis Wahle, and Fr. Anthony Barratt. This was followed by a most interesting introduction to and tour of the Cathedral by John Arnold, its Sub-Administrator.

By kind permission of Cardinal Hume, our members were able to enjoy lunch in the Throne Room of Archbishop's House. After the lunch members had the pleasure of hearing an excellent talk given by Stephen and Elizabeth Usherwood entitled "A Tale of Two Cities: from Rome to Westminster". This started with an account of the life of Luke Kirby, a Yorkshireman, who left Rome in 1580 in the company of Ralph Sherwin and others, was immediately captured on landing at Dover and was executed at Tyburn barely a year later. The talk went on to describe the close connection that has existed over the last 150 years between the College and the Archbishops of Westminster, many of whom were students and/or Rectors of the College.

These gatherings are an opportunity for members to meet to pray for the students and staff at the English College, and to find out more about the College and its history. I hope that very many members will be able to attend our next annual reunion which will take place at St. Chad's Cathedral, Birmingham, on Saturday 26th September 1992. This will be an occasion for members to meet the new Rector and to hear all the College's news. It is also hoped that Archbishop Couve de Murville will be able to join us for this gathering.

Finally, I am delighted to be able to report that during the past year the Friends have contributed a total of £10,000 towards two projects at the College. The first was the major refurbishment of the Common Room, including a much-needed overhaul of the stage and theatre lighting, following completion of re-wiring in that part of the College. The second project was the installation of a satellite dish enabling the College to receive the BBC TV World Service. The installation was completed towards the end of March 1992, just in time for the General Election here! Thus, after more than 400 years of "exile" the English College has been brought a step closer to England, with the aid of the Friends of the Venerable.

Jeremy Hudson
Chairman

Lent Play: Oh, What a Lovely War!

After last year's light-hearted comedy *A Servant of Two Masters*, it seemed fitting to add a note of universal tragedy to this year's Lent Play and so the Joan Littlewood Theatre Workshop production of *Oh, What a Lovely War!* was chosen.

The play is made up of a series of some fifteen scenes illustrating diverse aspects of the Great War from life in the trenches to the cynical creation of personal wealth by arms manufacturers; from the grim and futile loss of cavalry to the black humour of the women working in the munitions factories back at the home front. The play carries us through satire, history lesson, pathos and comedy, as it unfolds from the first uneasy months of preparation for war to the silent crosses of the Flanders war graves.

This was a war marked by the unprecedented loss of ten million human lives in the most atrocious conditions and by a lamentable lack of communication and will to reconcile among nations. The popular songs of the time are a tribute to those who managed to maintain hope in a humanity hell-bent on destroying itself. Hopefully they also managed to lighten what might otherwise have been a rather bleak and depressing picture of this episode in the history of humankind.

Twenty-five students took a total of over sixty parts in the production, a situation which demanded not only fast changes of costume but radical changes of character. Simon Thomson's remarkable transformation from affable joke-telling Master of Ceremonies to a terrifying, ranting Sergeant Major however, was not one that took the College community totally by surprise! As the play is really about a theatre group portrayal of the events of 1914-1918, a play within a play, it centres around a group of seven pierrots who at different times move from song and dance routine and sketches, to mud and trench camaraderie. Surrounding them are a collection of other figures: assorted generals, troops, women in the factories and wives left at home, the fanatical Haigh and untiring pacifist campaigner, Emily Pankhurst. All portrayed brilliantly by the relatively small cast.

Back stage slide-projectors, overhead-projectors and mirrors were concealed from the audience to produce images on walls and flats in a show of technical wizardry. Much thanks goes to Stephen Dingley and team who spent many an hour puzzling out the logistics of this.

Mgr. Jim Sullivan was perhaps the only member of the audience for whom personal memories of the war were evoked, but many of the audience had secondary memories of family tragedy, of the many women unable to marry due to the vast loss of the male population, of deceased relatives still much lamented.

If this kind of production has any purpose it must be to help us learn the lessons of war:

*What, then, was war? No mere discord of flags
But an infection of the common sky
That sagged ominously upon the earth
Even when the season was the airest May?*

Robert Graves, *Recalling War*

Martin Boland / Martin Hardy

Schola Notes

Holy Week and Easter almost took us by surprise this year. They fell earlier than usual anyway, but what with our hymn concert at Sant' Eustachio on 7 March (see last year's issue of *The Venerable*), Pat Kilgarriff's Silver Jubilee of ordination on 19 March, and John McLoughlin's diaconate ordination on 20 March, it was a bit of a shock to find Holy Week beginning almost immediately after. This year we returned to the Byrd Passion, but given the shortage of altos, we transposed it down to bring it within (or almost within!) the range of the tenors and basses. Could this become a new tradition?

The shortage of altos had been exercising my mind somewhat in view of the concert of English polyphony we had been invited to give at Sant' Eustachio on 23 May. If we were to draw on our standard repertoire, we would need altos in quite a few places, but as they rightly pointed out, it was one thing to sing alto in a single piece during the liturgy, quite another to keep going for a whole hour, constantly changing into a tenor or bass register between pieces. In the end the Good Friday solution seemed to work — transpose everything down so that tenors could just about manage the top notes, and rely on a strong bass section to produce enough volume right down at the bottom of their register.

Another problem was the range of music to be included in the concert. 'La Grande Polifonia Inglese' was our brief, and the concert-organizer was apparently thinking mainly in terms of Tudor polyphony. It seemed to me that we needed greater variety. As every conductor of a voluntary choir knows, you have to keep it interesting for the singers, or they stop coming! Our contributions to the College liturgy for several weeks were going to have to be drawn from the concert programme, and variety was needed here too; and in any case we would have found it hard to sustain the musical interest in an hour's concert devoted to music of one particular period. I fought hard to be allowed to include medieval and 17th-century polyphony as well, but the line was drawn at anything later, except for our particular favourite, 'The Heavens are Telling'. Special pleading was needed here, but fortunately May 1991 saw the bicentenary of the Handel concerts in Westminster Abbey that inspired Haydn to write his 'English' oratorios. We finally agreed on the following programme:

Perspice Christicola	— anon. 13th century
Angelus ad Virginem	— anon. 14th century
There is no rose	— anon. 15th century
Sancta Maria	— John Dunstable
Veni Sancte Spiritus	— John Dunstable
I give you a new commandment	— John Sheppard
Christ Rising Again	— John Sheppard
If ye love me	— Thomas Tallis
Hear the voice and prayer	— Thomas Tallis
'Kyrie' and 'Agnus Dei' from three-part Mass	— William Byrd
Angelus Domine descendit	— William Byrd
Have mercy upon me, O Lord	— Thomas Tomkins

O how amiable are thy dwellings — Thomas Tomkins
'The Heavens are Telling' from *The Creation* — Joseph Haydn

It is always heartening to see how well the English College pulls together for an important event such as a concert. The Nuns' gita was brought forward by a week to avoid a clash, the singers somehow managed to find time for extra rehearsals, the celebrants at Community Mass obligingly agreed to have many of the items from the concert programme sung during the liturgy. At our rehearsal in Sant' Eustachio immediately before the concert, I managed to break my tuning fork, but it was only a matter of minutes before a replacement was delivered to me from the College! The audience was large and appreciative, and a good time was had by all.

We were given a very favourable review in the Communist daily, *L'Unità*, largely, it seemed, because we were amateur and the concert was free. Our reviewer might have been less kindly disposed towards us had he known that we planned to produce a tape of the concert, which has since been successfully marketed! We all thought it would be a shame to let so much work pass without keeping any record of it, so we met together in the College Church after supper a few days later for a recording session. The result was the tape 'If ye love me', which at the time of writing has sold about 950 copies. Even after paying all the performing rights fees, this has left us with enough to buy some new music for the Schola, for the first time in many years.

We had little chance to learn any more music in the remainder of the year, but it was good to have a large repertoire to draw from when it came to the diaconate ordination at the Villa. Sheppard's 'I give you a new commandment' and Tomkins' 'O how amiable' could be done with relatively little effort, and the arrival of the organ at Palazzola a week before the ordination transformed the musical possibilities.

From twenty members at the time of the concert we swelled briefly to twenty-nine at the start of the new academic year, soon settling back to a comfortable twenty-five. There have been times when the Schola formed the half the congregation; as we now sing from the straight benches on the left-hand side, conducted from the middle of the Church, there have been times when the Schola Master appeared to receive a special incensation all of his own!

Having concentrated on English polyphony for the latter half of the previous year, I deliberately broadened the repertoire in the new semester. We looked at some 20th-century music, including Arthur Bliss' setting of the Prayer of St. Francis (Remembrance Sunday, in the College this year) and Benjamin Britten's 'This little babe' from 'A ceremony of carols' (Midnight Mass). Polyphony tended to be Continental, including for example Jakob Handl's 'De caelo veniet' (in Advent) and A. Gabrieli's 'Filiae Jerusalem' (Martyrs' Day).

It seemed as if my two years as Schola Master were drawing to a gentle conclusion, when suddenly the question arose of a further concert — my third! Originally there was talk of our contributing to a charity concert, but when the opportunity for this fell through, we decided we would put on a concert anyway. Sant' Anselmo was willing to provide a venue, and the date was fixed for 27 February — just long enough after the exam period to give us time to put something together, but just early enough to come before the changeover of House jobs. This meant that

rehearsal time was even more limited than on the previous occasion, but at least we had some experience of concert-giving by this stage.

The only possible way to proceed, it seemed to me, was to put together as many as we could of the pieces sung during the previous semester, with a few 'old favourites' and perhaps one or two items from our earlier concert. I was particularly anxious to conduct Fauré's 'Ave verum corpus' before finishing my term of office, so we bought the music for this. We ended up with a programme entitled 'Music for the Liturgical Year', an exploration of the range of music that the Schola might perform in an average year, from Advent to Christ the King.

Cantate Domino	— Hans Leo Hassler
De caelo veniet	— Jakob Handl
Angelus ad Virginem	— anon. English 14th century
This little babe	— Benjamin Britten
Ave maris stella	— Claudio Monteverdi
Like as the hart	— Herbert Howells
I give you a new commandment	— John Sheppard
Easter Canticle	— Guy Nicholls
Veni Sancte Spiritus	— John Dunstable
If ye love me	— Thomas Tallis
Ave verum corpus	— Gabriel Fauré
'Lift thine eyes' from Elijah	— Felix Mendelssohn
Prayer of St. Francis	— Arthur Bliss
'The Heavens are Telling' from The Creation	— Joseph Haydn

I discovered that it is necessary to pay very considerable fees to the Italian Performing Rights Society if one performs 20th-century music in a public concert, even if it is free. Were there a charge for admission, the fees would be even higher! It seemed at one point as if we might do better to cut the 20th-century items from the programme altogether, but in retrospect I think we are all glad that they were included. The Schola rose to the challenge of this slightly unfamiliar repertoire, and gave of its best. Bruce Burbidge managed an organ not designed for accompanying choral motets with his usual skill; in the Bliss, Mark Miles sang a lovely solo accompanied by choral humming, and he was joined in the final number by Andrew Headon for a beautifully-blended duet.

After two most enjoyable years directing the Schola, it is with mixed feelings that I lay down the baton. It has been a great privilege to be able to bring so much marvellous music into our worship in the College, and to see people who have never thought of themselves as singers giving it a try, and finding that they can after all achieve high standards of liturgical music. The tape will always be for me a precious record of the work we did together during this time. In the meantime it will be good to return to the back benches and have a chance to sing once again myself. Every good wish to my successor, Mark Miles. In one respect, however, I feel he's at a disadvantage compared with me — because he will never have Mark Miles sitting on the front row producing simply glorious sounds!

Philip Whitmore

Football Report 1991-92

Any fears of complacency following the unparalleled success of last year were allayed by the arrival of Joe Jordan, a laconic Plymouth student who is the proud holder of an F.A. coaching badge and a shrill referee's whistle.

His disparaging remarks following our first training session left several reputations battered and bruised. A further bootroom change ensured Fr. Dunn had more time to complete his Canon Law Doctorate, yet still make available his inimitable contribution to team affairs.

The close season had seen two more English players follow Gascoigne's and Platt's lead to seek a broader stage for their skills. McKenzie and Tucker came from the two nursery teams of Allen Hall and Womersley respectively.

The traditional showcase opening against the North American College brought the anticipated avalanche of goals. The Irish and Belgian Colleges also provided excellent shooting practice in the following two games. Suitably encouraged by these results, we sought stiffer competition. In front of a partisan crowd we enjoyed a pulsating match against the Mexican College. A last minute winner by Leonard kept the V.E.C. 100% record.

The Urbanianum College provided the next challenge. A training injury had left Fr. Ant. Towey sidelined, but a rare Andy Headon header ensured we would go into 1992 unbeaten.

We were now running out of seminarian opposition, so we approached the Swiss Guard. In a game which the Holy Father would have enjoyed, we were comfortable 3-1 winners.

Morale was at a new high, but one black cloud was building on the horizon: The Legionaries of Christ. A seminary with over 300 students largely recruited from South America. They were our obvious next challenge, the winner of this game would undoubtedly be the best team in Rome. The showdown, curiously arranged during the Bishops' Ad Limina, ended the twenty month unbeaten period of the V.E.C. The Legionaries had brought together a team probably capable of surviving the English Third Division. In a torrid and bewildering afternoon, we crashed 9-2. That evening during an emergency meeting at Anna's, we vowed to bounce back and to learn from the lessons of our defeat. Never again will we have lunch with the opposition before the game, or mistake sangria for fruit juice.

The defeat reached deep into the psyche of the team, and a week later we were once more rocked by defeat. Obviously the Holy Father had rallied his troops, as a much resolved Swiss Guard won 3-1, although once more we had the luck of Job.

In a desperate attempt to steady the team we turned to our North American allies and "Desert Stormed" to a 5-1 victory, Cahill scoring a timely hat-trick.

News of the English College demise brought cheer to the almost empty Scots' College who were unsure whether it would be more convenient to hold the Sevens tournament at their College, or the departure lounge at Ciampino. We breezed

through to the final, but despite hitting the post and forcing several brilliant saves from the St. George's goal-keeper, we were unable to equalize their early spectacular strike.

Sadly, this year the following players have come to the end of their contracts.

Fr. Luiz Ruscillo. A stalwart of the team for nearly a decade. Luiz regards football as a full contact sport, the football field as a sin-free zone and the referee the Devil incarnate. He will certainly be missed by the team and by the opposition. Missionary work in South America or Scotland would not be advisable in the near future.

John O'Leary. A vintage year. At times he has tackled with the ferocity of a ball seeking missile, and has marked as tightly as any wheel clamp.

John Cahill. An enigma to the end. One of the most skillful members of the team, who only required a little more confidence to convert his chances into goals.

Thanks to everyone who has either played or trained with us. Particular thanks to Fr. Arthur Roche, our best supporter. Thanks to all students in the College for your interest or patience with all the football talk in the refectory. Thanks also to Fr. Tony Grimshaw for his generosity and support during our mid-season trip to Milan. Finally, special thanks to Nigel McFarlane for volunteering to play every week!

<i>Results</i>		<i>Scoring Players</i>		<i>Non-Scoring</i>
V.E.C. v N.A.C.	10-0	Anthony Towey	12	Paul Rowan (goalkeeper)
v Irish	6-0	Andrew Doherty	9	John O'Leary
v Belgium	8-0	Paul Grogan	8	Dominic Rolls
v Mexicans	2-1	Paul Leonard	8	Timothy Menezes
v Urbanium	1-0	Hugh McKenzie	4	John Marsland
v Brazilians	4-0	John Cahill	3	
v Swiss Guard	3-1	David McCormack	2	
v. Legionaries of Christ	2-9	Mark Harold	2	
v Swiss Guard	1-3.	Andrew Headon	2	
v N.A.C.	5-1	Luiz Ruscillo	2	
		(Own Goal)	2	
Sevens v Embassy	3-0	George Gorecki	1	
v Mary Mount	1-0	Nicholas Tucker	1	
v N.A.C.	1-0			
Final v St. George's	0-1			
Milan v Sir James Henderson	6-0	<i>Goals</i>	+56	
Tour Int. School			-17	
v St. Euschio Parish	3-0		+39	

John Paul Leonard

A Return to the True Faith

It is a very sad fact that the V.E.(& W.)C. has not practised the true religion for the past five years. At least that was the case up until Thursday, 7th May 1992. Moreover, not only have some been following heretical ways but they have actually been revelling in them and boasting of their achievements.

For the past three years I have tried to 'meet these students where they're at' and fallen several times I have to confess. But then there was a glimmer of light, a chance to bring them back. I knew that it would not be easy but I suspected that the new Rector and the Pastoral Director would assist me in my task. Even so, I knew that they would never agree to more than one catechetical class before being baptised, such was their reluctance to give up their old ways. This was the task then — to put across all the teachings and yet still have a 'dynamic faith experience' in just two hours at the Doria Pamphili park. Well, it was a nice day — you couldn't hold it indoors. Knowing that I would need some assistance, Denis Parry, an Old Roman, came to my aid.

Of the fifteen who turned up at the park there were five totally new to the faith, about six who used to be 'practising' whilst they were at school (15 years ago or more for a couple!), and only four of us who have religiously tried to keep up well — as best one can in an almost totally pagan country.

The session went surprisingly well and I was quietly confident that we would be celebrating on the Thursday.

And so to the Baptism or Right of Initiation. The Rector officiated and the Spiritual Director to be was at hand with the water. As we all know, integral to sacrament is the experience of death. Harry, one of those to be baptised, will tell you that he found this was very real but perhaps that was because he was closer to the action in the middle of the front row.

To onlookers the whole liturgy must have seemed rather unorthodox and it is true, some actions were just out of this world. Please let me explain in the language of the faith.

On a hard pitch that had more sand than grass and in temperatures that were in the 70's some would have thought us foolish to take on the French (and two Scots!) at a game of rugby. The French College, thirsty for revenge after this year's English defeat of France in the Five Nations Championship, threw down the gauntlet at our feet and in true English (and Welsh!) style, how could we refuse the challenge?

The match was a classic. What we lacked in finesse, we made up for in spirit and enthusiasm. Soon we were dominating both the set plays and the loose. The pack were superb. Harry playing hooker had a good first game. He was protected on one side by Joe and on the other by Denis who really held the forwards together. The strength of the rest of the pack was their mobility and speed around the park. Doc scored two excellent tries, one being a solo effort straight from the kick off. Luiz and John looked as though they had been half-back partners for years. All the 5BX fitness training was paying off for John who was having the game of his life (sadly it

was later discovered that a crunching tackle had broken two of his ribs, an injury which put him in hospital for a week — on the road to a full recovery, I don't think it has affected his faith in the game). Ant. and I in the centre had ample space and time to work out some good moves which brought in the full back and wingers. Paul Leonard's entry into the line was very effective. Who knows, perhaps we will see future headlines, "Arch-heretic turns charismatic convert and brings flock across with him"! Prayers are needed.

V.E.C. 30

French-Scots 0

Team: J.P. Leonard, H. Pollock, A. Towey, A. Headon, G. Gorecki, J. Marsland, L. Ruscillo, D. McCormack, P. Rowan, N. Tucker, A. Doherty, D. Rolls, J. Coughlan, M. Harold, D. Parry. Rep. P. Grogan, J. Cahill, P. Cuff.

Tries: Doherty 2, Headon 2, Towey, Ruscillo.

Conversions: Leonard 3.

Andy Headon



Producers and Cast

A Beginner's Guide to VEC Speak

AQUINAS n. A large theologian without whom seminary would only last two years.

BOB n. (Toweyism c.1974) a pejorative to express dislike, disagreement, or in the case of lectures or theological concepts: incomprehension.

BRUTTA FIG' (It. *Brutta figura*, Lit. Ugly aspect) adj. not the done thing, as in the b.f. flight home, i.e. the earliest available.

CHUFF n. (adj. chuffing) euphemistic expletive (see *Feckle* etc.).

CHUNTER (v.it). To have a gibber (q.v.) or to rattle on incessantly about something no-one else is in the least bit interested in (q.v. *Seminars*).

COUNCIL ESTATE n. A corridor known for years as the '44 until the Northern Invasion of 1991 (see also *Ram-raids*, *Joy Riding*).

D.B.L. abr. (Lit. *Drink(s) Before Lunch*) College institution severely damaged by changing the time of the Bede's Mass.

DECK CHAIR n. One who misses open goals in the last minute of football games (q.v. *Tharg*).

DOMANI adv. & n. (It.) a local expression for any time in the next six months as in "Il satellite arrivera domani".

FETTLE (v.i.) Expression of disgust or exasperation.

FETTLER (n.) One who provokes the above expression.

GIBBER n. A public display of panic or anxiety, as in "He's having a right g."

GREG (Arch. *Pontifica Universita Gregoriana*) n. A little known Jesuit retirement home.

HOUSE MEETINGS n. (a.k.a. *The Great Christmas Debate*) Warm air central-heating.

NIGHTMARE n. A morning of four lectures or a seminar on Aquinas.

OLD ST. JOE'S n. An area of the College reserved for retired clerics.

PEROXIDE'S n. A stationery shop near the College run by a lady of indeterminate hair colour.

RAHNER n. Someone often discussed over tea.

TEA ANYONE? (intr). Rallying call for attack on Transcendental Thomism.

STAR n. (comm.) Brand name of impossibly unpalatable Italian tea, as in "Come on readers, send us some Typhoo!"

THARG n. A clumsy or socially unskilled individual.

House List 1991-92

Third Cycle

Fr Kevin Dunn
Fr Franco Gismano
Fr Pascal Guezodje

Birmingham
Gorizia
Benin

Second Cycle

Vili Danca
Sebastien Maheshe
Fr James Manock
Fr Luiz Ruscillo
Timothy Swinglehurst
John McLoughlin
Fr Michael Brown
John Cahill
Paul Cuff
John O'Leary
Paul Shaw
Martin Stempczyk
David Barrett
Stephen Brown
John Conneely
James Creegan
Kevin Dring
Edward Jarosz
Michael Koppel
Anthony Milner
Timothy Redmond
Michael Robertson
Fr Arthur Roche
Dominic Rolls
Philip Whitmore

Romania
Zaire
Salford
Lancaster
Leeds
Liverpool
Hexham & Newcastle
Nottingham
Lancaster
Westminster
Shrewsbury
Hexham & Newcastle
Northampton
Leeds
Westminster
Leeds
Arundel & Brighton
Nottingham
Plymouth
Arundel & Brighton
Kilt
Clifton
Leeds
Arundel & Brighton
Westminster

First Cycle Theology

Third Year

Andrew Brookes
Peter Clarke
Philip Denton
Paul Grogan
Martin Hardy
Timothy Hopkins
Jean-Laurent Marie
William Massie
David McCormack
Simon Thomson

Birmingham
Lancaster
Brentwood
Leeds
East Anglia
Salford
Brentwood
Middlesbrough
Portsmouth
Portsmouth

Second Year

Bruce Burbidge
Paul Connelly
Andrew Doherty
George Gorecki
Mark Harold
Andrew Headon
Timothy Menezes

East Anglia
Southwark
Leeds
Lancaster
Salford
Brentwood
Birmingham

First Cycle Theology continued

Second Year

John Pardo
Michael Wheaton
John Wilson

Gibraltar
Plymouth
Leeds

First Year

Martin Boland
Mark Hackeson
Michael L'Estrange
Nigel McFarlane
Mark Miles
Paul Rowan
Wyn Thomas
Edward Clare
Hugh McKenzie
Nicholas Tucker

Brentwood
East Anglia
Brentwood
Liverpool
Gibraltar
Liverpool
Menevia
Birmingham
Westminster
Southwark

First Cycle Philosophy

Second Year

Mark Brentnall
Paul Leonard
Simon Madden

Nottingham
Middlesbrough
Leeds

Integrated/First Year

Neil Bromilow
Stephen Dingley
Joseph Jordan
Gregory Knowles
Jonathan Leach
Hugh Pollock
Simon Tierney

Liverpool
Arundel & Brighton
Plymouth
Leeds
Shrewsbury
Lancaster
Arundel & Brighton

Anglican Students

Ross Collins
Michael Everitt

Other Residents

Mgr Bryan Chestle
Mgr Peter Coughlan
Mgr James Sullivan

Staff

Mgr Adrian Toffolo
Fr Michael Gilmore
Fr Pat Kilgarriff
Fr John Marsland
Fr Anthony Towey

Rector
Vice-Rector
Spiritual Director
Pastoral Director
Theology Tutor